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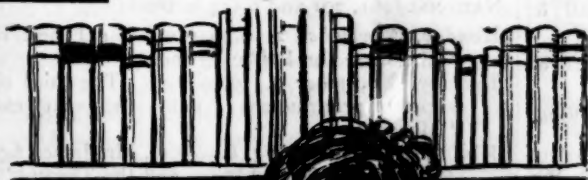
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STATIONERY. PENS. GIFTS

The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Films, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- APOLLO.** *There's Always Juliet*, by John Van Druten. (Gerrard 6970.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. An amusing and very beautifully written love duet, exquisitely played by Edna Best and Herbert Marshall.
- WESTMINSTER.** *The Anatomist*, by James Bridie. (Victoria 0283.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Henry Ainley and a fine supporting cast in a play which is interesting as well as entertaining.
- AMBASSADORS.** *The Queen's Husband*, by Robert Sherwood. (Temple Bar 1171.) 8.30. Tues. and Fri., 2.30. Aims at satire and achieves some first-rate comedy.
- QUEEN'S.** *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, by Rudolf Besier. (Gerrard 9437.) 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- GLOBE.** *The Improper Duchess*, by J. B. Fagan. (Gerrard 8724.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- WYNDHAM'S.** *The Frightened Lady*, by Edgar Wallace. (Temple Bar 3028.) 8.15. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30. I repeat: by Edgar Wallace.
- EMBASSY.** *Swiss Cottage. Well Caught*, by Anthony Armstrong. Primrose 2211. 8.15. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. A really funny farce, with brilliant Herbert Lomas and an excellent cast.
- STRAND.** *Counsel's Opinion*, by Gilbert Wakefield. (Temple Bar 2660.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Isabel Jeans, Owen Nares, Allan Aynesworth, Morton Selton.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

- Isabella of Spain.* By W. T. Walsh. Sheed & Ward. 15s.
- Germaine de Stael.* By McNair Wilson. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 15s.
- The Wander Years.* By Frederick Lort-Phillips. Nash & Grayson. 15s.
- Our Fathers.* By Alan Bott. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. (Woodcuts and prints of the years between 1870-1920.)
- Book of Sporting Painters.* By W. S. Sparrow. The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.
- The Delightful Profession.* By H. E. Wortham. Cape. 10s. 6d.
- Romance of Wine.* By H. Warner Allen. Benn. 21s.
- Gaieties and Gravities.* By George Graves. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.
- Browning.* By F. R. G. Duckworth. Benn. 12s. 6d.

NOVELS

- The Golden Years.* By Philip Gibbs. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
- Maid in Waiting.* By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
- Scaramouche the Kingmaker.* By Rafael Sabatini. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
- American Beauty.* By Edna Ferber. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
- Wild Rye.* By Muriel Hine. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE NEW GALLERY.** *Alexander Hamilton.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE PLAZA.** *Fighting Caravans.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE ACADEMY.** *The Blue Express.* This Russian picture is being shown for another week. All those people who profess not to understand the meaning of the word "montage" should go and see it.
- THE NEW VICTORIA.** *Bad Girl.* This charming picture of middle class life in New York continues its tour here. James Dunn's performance should be seen.
- THE CARLTON.** *Her Sin.* Tallulah Bankhead's new picture. Will be criticized next week.
- THE RIALTO.** *End of the Rainbow.* Richard Tauber is still singing.

GENERAL RELEASES

- The Millionaire.* This is a delightful comedy with George Arliss in the rôle of the millionaire who is ordered to rest but has his own ideas as to what he should do to get well.
- The Royal Family on Broadway.* A "skit" on the Barrymores with a fine performance by Ina Claire.
- Quick Millions.* A gangster picture unusually well directed by a new director, Mr. Rowland Brown.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

NATIONAL (261, 301 and 1,554 metres):

- Monday, November 2, 9.20 p.m.** Sir Ernest Benn, 'The Case for Public Economy.'
- Tuesday, November 3, 10.20 p.m.** The third of the series of programmes of music and poetry entitled 'Mosaic.'
- Wednesday, November 4, 6.50 p.m.** Mr. James Agate's fortnightly talk on 'Plays and the Theatre.'
- 7.30 p.m.** Professor H. Levy will give the last talk in his series 'What is Science?'
- Thursday, November 5, 9.20 p.m.** The fifth talk in the series 'What I would do with the World' will be given by H.H. the Aga Khan.
- Friday, November 6, 7.10 p.m.** Mr. Gerald Heard's fortnightly talk on 'This Surprising World.'
- 7.30 p.m.** Professor J. Dover Wilson will conclude his series 'Learning to Live' with a talk on 'Looking Forward.'
- Saturday, November 7, 7.10 p.m.** Mr. A. P. L. Gordon will talk on 'The World of Business.'
- 9.20 p.m.** Mr. Edgar Wallace will continue his series 'The World of Crime' with a Steward Story, dealing with Transatlantic Card-Sharpers.

LONDON REGIONAL

- Sunday, November 1, 5 p.m.** The fifth talk in the series 'The Modern Dilemma' will be given by Mr. Christopher Dawson, who will talk about 'The European Tradition and the Forces of Change.'
- Tuesday, November 3, 7.45 p.m.** Mr. Robert Harris will read 'The Road to Colonus' by E. M. Forster.
- Friday, November 6, 9.45 p.m.** Mr. E. L. Grant Watson: 'Autumn in the Countryside.'

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE moral of the overwhelming National victory at the General Election on Tuesday and Wednesday is clear. The late Labour Government was not up to its job of governing. The Socialist Government was tried in the scales and found wanting; but those few who stuck to their posts and did their best to help the country out of the mess into which they had got it were honoured. The rest were cast into outer darkness.

An Astounding Landslide

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—who, contrary to all expectation, was returned for Seaham—has described the result as “not merely astonishing but astounding.” He, like Sir Herbert Samuel, owed his victory to the fact that he did not run away from opposition. He met his accusers face to face, and the country knows a man when it sees one.

It must be said quite frankly that the extent of the landslide was utterly unexpected. A week earlier Mr. Thomas himself, no mean judge of election opinion, held that he would just, but only just, win at Derby; his actual poll was more than double that of his opponent, and his majority was some 28,000. The truth is that there is no yardstick by which mass-opinion can be tested.

The political maxim that England does not love Coalitions will have to be modified; what remains true is that England will not tolerate men who run away. One and all the leaders of the Socialist Opposition have been heavily defeated—the portentous Henderson, the amiable Clynes, the well-meaning Morrison, the superior Wise, the genial Shaw, the bitter Alexander, and the bitter-sweet Miss Bondfield.

Most of them will find it difficult to get back to the House of Commons, for those few Socialists who survive will not be anxious to give up their seats in the hope of finding another. Uncle Arthur's boasted organization no doubt survives, but machines without men are useless, and the elders of the party are unfrocked. Mr. Henderson himself, who had cherished the idea of becoming Prime Minister and presiding over next year's Disarmament Conference, is himself disarmed.

Who will lead what is left of the Opposition? The choice seems to lie between Mr. Maxton, Mr. Wallhead and Sir S. Cripps. The first has charm, the second stolid ability, the third has brains. But none of them seems quite to fit the part, and it may possibly be that another unofficial coalition will be formed by consent, and that Mr. Lloyd George will lead what remains of the Left. He is the only first-class man on that side of the House.

It is impossible as yet to analyse the figures, nor is it indeed necessary, for their meaning is clear enough on the face of things. But two points at least are evident: the Trade Unionists refused to vote as they were told by their union—the railwaymen's vote at Derby, Doncaster, Swindon, Crewe, Battersea, and Willesden is proof enough of that—and the women voted with their men.

The Socialist slogan that if any mother voted National, “those warm little feet of your children in arms will soon be cold in death,” was too silly to frighten anybody; it was not so much an offence against public decency as against public intelligence. Women are even less expert on currency problems than men, but at any rate they saw that the flight of the pound was a real peril, whereas the bogies of the Socialists were pure spook.

The Clergy and Politics

It is curious to read that the Archbishop of Canterbury subscribed for several years to the Labour Party's fund. There is a wise convention that the clergy take no active part in party politics, but there is no special reason, of course, why they should not subscribe privately to the side they favour, if they have the money. On the whole, however, it is better that they should not, and it is interesting to notice that the Archbishop, on second thoughts, came to the same conclusion. He ceased to support Labour soon after the Conservative Government of 1924 came into office.

Spain

The news from Spain is scanty, but all of a piece. The Republic is moving to the Left at a pace that is every week becoming further accelerated, and is now within measurable distance of experiencing all the horrors of civil war. The Bourbons clearly committed many blunders, but they never brought the country to such a pass as the present, and even the First Republic was hardly such a lamentable failure as this is proving.

Unfortunately, it is only too likely that matters will get worse before they improve, for the disturbed state of Spain will be exploited by Moscow to the uttermost. It cannot be too often repeated that if the Peninsula goes Red it will be no mere affair of Spanish domestic politics, for there is far too much inflammable material lying about Europe for a further complication of this nature to be viewed with equanimity. The sooner the monarchy is restored the better for all concerned, including the poor misguided Spaniards themselves.

The Cyprus Riots

The riots in Cyprus are an annoyance rather than a danger, and I trust that Mr. Thomas will now institute a searching inquiry into the administration of the island. Information which has reached me privately from the most reliable of sources points to the fact that Sir Ronald Storrs has been rather too easy-going in his treatment of political discontent, and if this proves to be the case he must be removed. The whole affair leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth, particularly in view of the benefits which have accrued to Cyprus since it was incorporated in the Empire.

The Irish Free State

Mr. Cosgrave seems to have daunted the gunmen, and the firm stand which he has taken has earned him the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen.

At the same time, the marked growth of civic responsibility in the Irish Free State must also be taken into account, and it is a most encouraging sign. All over the country men have been found to condemn terroristic methods on the platform and in the Press in a way that would have been incomprehensible ten years ago, and without them even Mr. Cosgrave would have been powerless.

In these circumstances it is a misfortune that a great deal of the Irish news that reaches the English public comes from Orange and other pseudo-loyalist sources, with the result that it is often distorted in transit. In actual fact, the Free State is coming through the economic crisis better than a good many other countries, and I should not be surprised if one of these days the Six Counties were to express a desire to come under the administration of Dublin.

Recruiting

The Army has done better in the industrially bad year of 1931 than ever before in the matter of recruiting. And a general recently retired assures me that the stamp of man is better in character, education and service qualities than during his whole career. But the Army and the taxpayer alike look for root and branch reorganization of "the War House." The bow and arrow brigade, who bring back men from Jamaica to Plymouth and refuse them reasonable facilities to see their families, must go and go quickly.

The Liberal Press

The future of the once dominant Liberal Press is a matter of acute interest in Fleet Street, not financially in any way, of course, but politically. Will the cocoa organ and the pure milk of Nonconformity resign themselves to support a diffident wing of the new Government? L. G. makes clear his preference for the Labour organ. If I had to guess, I should say that Mr. Lloyd George will now endeavour to reconstruct his long-wanted progressive alliance; and in that connexion five years of National Government gives him rope enow.

The Prayer Book

It is a little difficult to gather from the Popular Press which Prayer Book was used at the wedding of Lady May Cambridge last week, but if, as some of my contemporaries allege, it was the new one, then its use was illegal. It was twice rejected by the House of Commons, and accordingly those who adopt it, whatever their station in life, are breaking the law and defying Parliament.

Harvest Festivals

Poor though the home harvest has been, the old pagan and now Christian festival of Harvest Home should be maintained. It marks the season and the first fruits. But I do object to seeing in a London church in a Thanksgiving Service a basket of eggs in a chancel window clearly labelled "Poland." Does the revised version of the hymn run:

We plough the fields, and scatter
Our money abroad—but no matter.

Another Einstein Theory

It is not very surprising that the Einstein theory of 1929 has now been withdrawn by its author. The hypothesis (which was founded on the theory of distant parallelism in Riemannian geometry) was difficult for the lay mathematician, but its real defect was that it did not square with philosophical requirements, and the more it was examined the less did it seem an adequate statement of what we must take to be ultimate physical reality.

The earlier theory of 1905 of course remains unchallenged, but it is only a partial statement of physical reality, and the four-dimensional world it set up is now to be superseded by a five-dimensional space-time continuum. Even this, however, will not be a permanent solution, and I fancy that Einstein will yet find it necessary to express his formula in a six-dimensional continuum—three of space, and three of time.

'Rahere' at Bart's

The people of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, are to be congratulated on the Pageant Play 'Rahere' which they are producing daily in aid of the Preservation Fund of their beautiful Priory Church. The pageant shows the vision and vow of Rahere, one-time jester to King Henry I, who built the Church and Hospital which still bear the name of his patron, St. Bartholomew.

The players, one and all, have thrown themselves whole-heartedly into the spirit of the story and show themselves worthy descendants of the Londoners who so generously gave time and talent to help Rahere in his task. The last scene, in Smoothfield market-place, is particularly delightful with its crowd of rioting urchins, now breaking into lilting choruses and carols, now snatching apples or mobbing the gingerbread-seller, all with a merry spontaneity as ageless as boyhood itself. The whole play, with its rapid changes from grave to gay, so typical of medieval mumming, and its perfect setting in the austere Norman arches, is admirably conceived and carried out.

Winter Sports in Scotland?

I am all for encouraging home industries, but I feel rather dubious about the prospect of a winter sports season in Scotland being successful. Scotland is perhaps the loveliest country in the world, but in the climatic-sporting sense it has its defects. The trouble is that it has too much rain in summer and not enough snow in winter. If the Scots Nationalists could remedy that, Sutherlandshire would easily cut out Switzerland. But winter sports without sufficient snow would be rather like swimming in a hip-bath.

Progress in the City

It is a good idea for the coming Lord Mayor's Show to symbolize the March of Progress; for there has been so little of the genuine article about lately that we may as well be reminded of its existence, even on a band-waggon. We read of allegorical cars representing Electricity, the Cinema, and so on; but why not another heraldic car with a Bull proper, a Company Promoter sinister, and an Official Receiver passant to complete the Show?

THE COLLAPSE OF SOCIALISM

THERE has been nothing like it since the Flood" is the remark that best describes the result of the General Election. Not even in 1906 was there such a wholesale rout of ex-ministers, while majorities are no longer to be reckoned in hundreds but in tens of thousands. No wonder Mr. Henderson and Mr. Lloyd George feared an appeal to the electorate, for it has resulted in the most emphatic repudiation of everything for which they stood. The British people has once more displayed its common sense, and the nightmare of Socialist administration is at an end.

It is clearly too early yet to attempt to discuss the future, but it may be said at once that the size of the Government's majority, inconvenient as it may prove to be at Westminster, will have the most wholesome effect abroad. It is proof that as a nation we are done with Socialism, and are determined to put our house in order. For more than two years British prestige has been on the wane, and of late foreign statesmen have even tended to ignore Great Britain altogether. This will now cease, and we shall once more take our rightful place among the nations. Overwhelming proof of confidence in the National Government was needed in the interests of international stability, and that has been forthcoming.

The Prime Minister has received his doctor's mandate, and, unless we gravely mistake the feelings of our fellow-countrymen, it is a mandate

not only to cure the patient, but also to give him such injections as shall effectively prevent the recurrence of the disease from which he is suffering. The balance of trade must be restored; that goes without saying, but equally important is the perfection of some machinery that will prevent future administrations from playing fast and loose with the assets of the nation, and without its knowledge. We trust that in the interval for reflection which is available before Parliament meets, those who have been swept to victory on the crest of the anti-Socialist wave will devote their attention to this problem, for at last there is an opportunity to look ahead. Cure for the present, and prevention for the future, should be the watchwords of the new majority.

In fine, the lesson of 1924 must be taken to heart, or the fruits of victory will be lost. The electors have given the Government a mandate to do something, namely, to put the Empire on its feet again, not to go to sleep, as did Mr. Baldwin's administration, in the seats of the mighty. As for Uncle Arthur and his colleagues, our advice to them is to take the verdict of the electorate as final. Other men will doubtless essay the task of rallying the shattered hosts of Socialism, but for them there can be no return. They had their chance, and they failed both in office and opposition. They are not likely to have another opportunity.

HALF A LEAGUE BACKWARDS

THE machinery of peace, to use the term beloved of the pacifists, seems to be breaking down. If its failure to function during the past few days is to be regarded as any indication of its present state of repair, the League of Nations has signally failed in its attempts to mediate in the dispute between Japan and China, and the much-advertised meeting between Mr. Hoover and M. Laval appears to have been even more unsuccessful than the pessimists had predicted. In short, peripatetic statesmen are at a discount, and a severe rebuff has been administered to those who believe that if only enough people talk for a sufficient length of time in congenial surroundings the problem that they are discussing will settle itself.

The reasons for the failure of the League are clear. The idealists at Geneva refused to abandon theories for facts, and clung to the belief that China could guarantee the maintenance of law and order in Manchuria, when every schoolboy knows that the only part of the Chinese Republic where life and property are safe is where they are protected by Japanese bayonets. To treat China as a political unit is to betray the most complete ignorance of everything pertaining to the Far East, and the natural consequence has been to place the League in an even more ignominious position than that in which it found itself on the morrow of the Italian seizure of Corfu. Those who have always maintained that Geneva was powerless to settle any dispute in which a Great Power was involved have been proved right,

though on this occasion the League has only its own officious meddling to blame for its loss of prestige.

The same refusal to face facts lies at the root of M. Laval's failure at Washington, a failure which recalls the French Premier's want of success recently at Berlin. France has no intention of reducing her armaments to any considerable extent, and the United States is determined to use her financial advantages to compel Europe to disarm. Between these two no compromise is possible, as one would have thought M. Laval would realize without having to cross the Atlantic to find out. In spite of all his journeyings, the French Premier has learnt nothing, and he has effected nothing that he could not equally well have discovered or achieved had he remained in Paris. We trust that his example will deter our own statesmen from making fruitless visits to foreign capitals.

The outcome of this maladroitness has been to confirm the gravest suspicions as to the power of the League of Nations to prevent war, and it has rendered the prospects of the Disarmament Conference quite helpless. Meanwhile, Signor Mussolini and Senator Borah have been making speeches that are curiously alike, so it may well be that if France persists in her present unreasonable attitude towards the problem of disarmament on the one hand, and debts and reparations on the other, she will bring into the field against her forces with which even she cannot contend, and in that case we may at long last get back to realities.

ECONOMIC CRISIS IN EGYPT

By E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

THE present slump in cotton has created a serious situation for all sections of the Egyptian people. Not only are proprietors and peasants suffering severely from the low prices obtained for Egypt's main source of wealth, but lack of money in the country is also hitting merchants and traders, and has become a matter of serious embarrassment to the Egyptian Government.

With the fall in cotton, land values fell from £E200 per acre to £E60-70, and those who had borrowed from the banks were unable to pay their instalments and interest. It has been customary to advance up to one-half of the value of land, but with land values reduced by more than one-half the banks have been selling at a loss while proprietors have been losing heavily, and Government intervention became necessary.

Nahas Pasha used half the nation's reserve capital to buy up a vast supply of cotton at higher than market price, thereby compromising the prospects of the national budget; and, as the cotton was at the time in the hands of speculators, the suffering fellaheen gained nothing. Sidky Pasha, on the other hand, is wisely trying to ease both the cotton and land problems by means of a new Agricultural Bank with two million pounds capital, half subscribed by the Government and half by the banks, for the purpose of granting credits to small proprietors or to co-operative societies for the improvement of agricultural conditions and reducing financial stress. In order to avert the danger of dispossession of the cultivators, the Government has allocated about £E2,000,000 from the General Reserve, so that the Bank may in special cases take the place of creditors who threaten such action. By this means the banks are safeguarded, while the pro-

prietors are enabled to wait for a rise in cotton and land values.

As a result of the foregoing situation the question of balancing the Budget is again causing serious anxiety to the Prime Minister. Last year Sidky Pasha succeeded in showing a small surplus by means of a skilfully devised economy campaign and an increase in the import duties, but it looks as if the present economic distress will necessitate some radical change in the fiscal conditions of Egypt. Increased revenue from direct taxation is impossible, as the only taxes of this nature are the land tax and the house tax, payable by Egyptians and foreigners alike, and the former has already reached a rate which cannot be increased without seriously affecting the country's primary source of wealth. Any other form of direct taxation is still out of the question owing to the capitulations by which no direct tax can be imposed on foreigners without the consent of all the capitulatory powers. At present foreigners in Egypt pay the Customs dues, land and house taxes, and municipal dues in Alexandria; but the foreigners in question are not landowners and rarely invest their money in land or house property. It has constantly been urged that fiscal reform should be introduced, by which some form of revenue tax could be established and paid by Egyptians and foreigners alike, so that the land tax could be reduced at least for the smaller proprietors; but the introduction of such a tax would involve negotiation with eleven Powers, and the dissent of one of them, with or without reason, would be sufficient to wreck the whole project. Yet it is possible that the Egyptian Government may have to negotiate with the Powers for a direct tax on foreigners in order to balance the forthcoming Budget.

AIRMINDEDNESS

By "NEON"

THE history of civil aviation in this, as in all other countries, is a tale of subsidies and yet more subsidies. The great burden of aerial transport has been fastened upon the shoulders of the taxpayer, while the prospect that flying will become a self-supporting concern is as illusive as ever.

The story begins with the report issued in February, 1918, of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee on which the aircraft interests were "fully and ably" represented. The committee put forward as "a main proposition, that the fullest possible development of civil aerial transport immediately after the war is a national necessity." "Cost what it may, this country must lead the world in civil aerial transport." At this time aeroplanes were being turned out at the rate of 90 per day and concern as to the future was ill-concealed.

No sooner was the war ended than the Government decided to set up a Department of Civil Aviation in the Air Ministry. Within six months or so, it had a staff of 143, with salaries alone amounting to £50,000 a year, and this department, very naturally, since it was its *raison d'être*, reported that civil aviation is "so essential to the national welfare that it must be kept alive at all costs." This statement, as dogmatic as it was interested, was not submitted to any proof.

On August 25, 1919, the first British civil aeroplane, a converted war machine, crossed the Channel; there was just room for two passengers, the single fare was 20 guineas. British aircraft companies continued to try out various routes, and French and Belgian companies followed. The results were not promising, and

Mr. Winston Churchill, at that time Secretary of State for Air, appointed an Advisory Committee on Civil Aviation to "consider the essential steps in the national interest which the Government should take to develop civil aviation, bearing in mind the need for the utmost economy." This committee recommended State aid "for a strictly limited period."

It is significant that Air Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard did not sign the report. He held that "the basic question at issue, namely, what is the precise object for keeping civil aviation alive, does not appear to have been adequately examined," "that the committee too lightly brush aside the fundamental objections to the principle of subsidies and the evil consequences arising from them." "Is it conceivable," he asked, "that any Government, once the subsidies have been granted, will be able to withdraw them?"

The recommendations of this committee were, however, not adopted, and civil aviation was left "to fly by itself." Next year, however, the policy of "doles" began. France had voted no less than 18,000,000 francs for the development of civil aviation, and the French company cut the fare to six guineas for the single cross-channel journey. The British companies shut down, and for nineteen days no British planes flew between London and Paris. As an urgent measure Mr. Churchill appointed a small committee of three "to formulate proposals for immediate action," and a temporary scheme of subsidies was introduced in March, 1921. Under this arrangement, the operating companies received from the State £14 15s. for every passenger transported across the Channel by air.

A "Permanent" scheme was then adopted, and later a "Revised" scheme took its place. Under these various plans, Government assistance amounted to well over half a million pounds—two-thirds of the whole cost of the services being thrown upon the taxpayer. But early in 1923 another committee, known as the Hambling Committee, was sitting. Its findings were accepted, and the agreement made by the Air Ministry with the company (which later became Imperial Airways Limited) was intended to carry out its recommendations.

This committee believed that their plan would, at the end of 10 years, place civil air transport services "on a purely commercial basis," and they recommended a total subsidy of £1,000,000 (in the nature of a loan without interest) spread over 10 years, but "as an essential condition, that the company should have large resources of its own, so that in the expenditure of capital on operational experiment and the development of new and extended routes, the company is primarily risking its own resources."

When Imperial Airways Ltd. was floated in 1924, only 10s. per share was called up. Hopes ran high, for the net divisible profits for the first year had been estimated at £53,000; but at the close of the financial year flying operations had resulted with all credits in a loss of £15,217: next year the loss had increased to £35,632, while the amount of subsidy already received more than equalled the amount of capital actually subscribed.

The very name of the company, however, implied Empire expansion, and "progress" was urged. But for the new route planned, Egypt and India, a separate agreement with an additional subsidy of £93,600 a year for five years was presented to Parliament by the Air Ministry, while the shareholders of the company were informed that the remaining 10s. per share would be called up, one-half (5s.) immediately. Instantly the shares fell to a discount, and though the taxpayers were obliged to pay the extra subsidy, shareholders were giving as much as 3s. 9d. a share to get rid of their holdings. "Airmindedness" itself was at a discount, and the second call of 5s. a share was left in abeyance.

Thus for this new route on which the company should primarily risk its own resources the shareholders advanced £125,000, while the taxpayers were bound in the sum of £533,000. Yet in spite of this large subsidy, confidence was shaken and £1 shares (15s. paid) were dealt with at 6d. a share! It was not very long before the shareholders agreed "that the support of the Government was inadequate and should be substantially increased," and negotiations for another arrangement were commenced.

In April, 1928, the main provisions for a new agreement between Imperial Airways Limited and the Air Ministry, in substitution of all other agreements, were "initialled" by the parties, and three months later a White Paper, giving the essential points, was presented to the House of Commons. In this agreement the recommendations of the Hambling Committee, already undermined, were now entirely superseded. Among other benefits, the total amount of subsidy was greatly increased, the period extended from ten to fifteen years and the company released from the obligation to pay back the original subsidy of £1,000,000. And while the taxpayer was compelled to shoulder this added burden, Sir Eric Geddes, chairman of the company, expressed himself as "thoroughly discontented with the paucity of the assistance."

By October, 1930, another agreement was arranged for a new route—Egypt to South Africa—and a fresh liability added.

It is often put forward that the critics of civil aviation are akin to those who objected to railways; but it must be remembered that the initial opposition to railroads was mainly on æsthetic and not on economic grounds. Railways, as soon as established, proved to be quicker, cheaper, and of much greater carrying

capacity than the stage coaches which they replaced. The development of this new form of transport could not be stayed, and within twenty-five years the railway systems of the world were carrying goods at about 1d. per ton per mile.

Twenty-five years or so after the aeroplane came into being, with four years of intensive development during the war and ten years of operating experience since, the minimum charge of 2s. 6d. per ton-mile is made for freight and 4s. 2d. per ton-mile is received from the State on European services, or 6s. 8d. per ton-mile in all. It cost the taxpayer during the last year no less than £46 17s. 6d. for each ton carried from London to Paris—£4 12s. 6d. for every passenger.

On the Egypt-Karachi section for 1930-31, State assistance amounted to 14s. 5d. per ton-mile, or some £1,800 for carrying a ton from Cairo to Karachi. This represents £180 for every passenger, a sum two and a half times the fare charged: yet these amazing figures do not include the expense of aerodromes, landing grounds, ground organization and what not, provided free of charge to the company.

Taxpayers must needs be exhorted to "airmindedness," for without their help civil aviation would well-nigh perish. Since 1919, a sum of over £2,636,000 has been voted in direct subsidies for civil transport services: £115,400 has been added for clubs and £10,500 for National Flying Services Limited. Even the sport of aviation has to be spoon-fed!

And now ratepayers are being called upon to provide local landing grounds and other aids for those who wish to fly. Municipalities are being vigorously tackled and the provision of municipal aerodromes has begun—at Doncaster the estimated cost is £120,000, at Portsmouth £129,000. This campaign is a concern of National Flying Services Limited, for under the present agreement with the Government their grants depend upon the provision of twenty new aerodromes and eighty new landing grounds before the end of July of next year.

If returns from these municipal ventures are expected, the experience of Blackpool is not encouraging, for the landing fees there amounted to 1s. only during the first four months; and in June last that municipality spent £5,000 on an aviation meeting to make known the facilities they have provided at great expense for flyers. Aviation must indeed be forced, and put to strange and absurd uses. How else can one speak of the intimation in a Report of the Department of Civil Aviation that air photographs have been supplied to determine such questions as the adequacy of public-houses in a district!

It may be contended that civil aviation, whether commercial or not, is maintained primarily as a reserve for war. But it is clear that only a self-supporting and flourishing air transport can render any material military assistance in personnel and machines. After 7½ years of heavily subsidized operation, Imperial Airways Limited have only thirty machines in actual use, one of these being nearly ten years old.

The experience of this country is not singular; other countries spend even more extravagantly to keep their aircraft in the air. It is now freely recognized that, except under special conditions such as obtain in New Guinea, and in Columbia where a tiresome journey of eight days can be accomplished by air in eight hours, civil aviation cannot support itself. Is it not time for disinterested reconsideration of the whole matter?

In these days, when the virtue of economy becomes a necessity and burdens increase in the balancing of the Budget, can we continue to subsidize civil aviation and maintain a department solely given over to its development—"at all costs"? Should we not seek an agreement among the nations not to subsidize a single air concern? The whole world would thus be delivered of a great menace, and commercial aviation would be left, as it ought to be left, to find its own feet.

THE FUTURE OF ISLAM

II—ISLAM IN ARABIA

By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

THE political events which destroyed the unity of Arabia have formed the story of the last quarter of a century of Islamic history, but the process, despite a growing Arab political literature, still remains the enigma of the desert. To the Western world the movement was familiarized by that very sensational title, the "Revolt of Arabia," and as such it continues to linger in the imagination of the British people to this day. The advocates of the Arab cause, however, sharply challenge the allegation of a revolt; for they ask with considerable justice, "This our revolt against whom?" True, in reply voices have been raised from different corners of the world when it was stated that it was a revolt against Turkey, a revolt against Islam, and revolt against the Eastern traditions of the past.

Now, a fact known to a very limited number of living diplomats is that when the Committee of Union and Progress dethroned Sultan Abdu'l-Hamid, one of their principal "election promises" was the grant of self-government to the Arab nation. This was necessary because the Arab educational and economic advancement during the last two decades was so rapid that the signs of pride in the Arab nationalism began to manifest themselves even prior to King Husain's historical declaration of the Arab Independence in 1916. In a measure it was accentuated both by the European impact and Turkish Pan-Turanianism, for during the reign of Sultan Mohamed Khamis the flame of Pan-Islamism had all but ceased to glow.

Whether it was due to the ever-changing character of the Turkish politics on the downfall of Sultanate autocracy, or that the Sublime Porte continued to believe in the right of conquest, the fact remains that the pledges given to the Arabs by Inver Pasha and his colleagues were never redeemed. The Arab agitation grew apace till it hardened into a definite national claim for complete autonomy; and, thanks to the surging spirit of Pan-Turanianism, which cut so deeply into Arab sentiments that even the religious influence keeping the sons of the deserts within the Turkish Imperial fold had lost its appeal.

It is just here that real Islam differs fundamentally from any other conception of religion or creed, for nationality counts for nothing in Islam; all are brothers, black or brown or white, all servants of a great world-wide confederacy of Al Islam, not Turks, Indians, and Persians. When once this feeling is gone the national cry of the Arab was as laudable as that of the Turk; and it is precisely this reason which completely vindicates the House of King Husain.

When every evidence of an Arab renaissance was unmistakable, surely Turkey committed a great blunder during the war by not granting self-government to the Hijaz and thus losing a powerful ally to her cause in Arabia: for actually at the turning of the tide for Turkish arms, Jamal Pasha, the then Governor in Syria, would not listen to the idea of giving the leadership of Arabia to King Husain. In place of coaxing the "reactionary Desert chieftain" of Mecca to submission and loyalty, he aggravated the difficulty by telegraphing: "If the war came to a victorious conclusion, who could prevent the Government from dealing with you with the greatest severity when it is over?"

Then King Husain showed himself in his true colours. His whole nature reacted so passionately and spontaneously in a way that the desert history of our times had never known. The battle which the Arabs fought and won should be called a war of Independence rather than a revolt: whether they got

that unqualified independence for which they fought is another story.

During the period between 1916 and 1926, conditions in Arabia were shaken like the fragments in a kaleidoscope, ever changing into new shapes and bewildering forms; and, barring a few students of high policy in Asia, the average man looked upon them as select and uninviting. The only comprehensible facts are that after a barren dispute the rival Arab chiefs had settled down to ruling Iraq, Transjordan, Yamen, and the Hijaz; and that Great Britain, France, and to a lesser degree Italy, have now very decided interests to keep the rivalries of the Arab people under control, because of their mandatory commitments in Palestine and Syria. But no sooner was the Sharifian-Wahabi warfare over than the whole world of Islam was bestirred by the excess which Nejd zealots are alleged to have committed on their victorious march on Mecca.

The Grand Muslim Conference of 1926 was unsuccessful in soothing the irritation of the faithful against the Wahabi Guardianship of the Holy Places of Islam. Storms of protest brewed both in India and Egypt; the Wahabis called everybody else an impious Muslim; the rest styled Sultan Ibn Saud as an irreconcilable puritan; the future political issue of the Hijaz was in great doubt; the country stood like a man in a fog, uncertain of the path, puzzled by the confusion of ideas, and half disposed to give up the venture; for King Ali still held Jeddah.

But King Ali, whom I met frequently at Bagdad, is not a man to be the King of the Bedouins, who dwell in the desert provisionally and erratically. He is a saint, and saints do not make good kings. His Sharifian personality clings to him like a beautiful odour. Like his scholarly brother, King Abdullah, he left the throne of his fathers to the more virile desert warriors of Nejd. But what a soul these men have! The writer well remembers sitting in the palace at Amam. "You ask of my sentiments about Ibn Saud?" said Amir Abdullah. "We are a very maligned family. For my own part, I say that, in spite of the fact that Ibn Saud did not act in a friendly way towards us, and flung us out of our houses one by one, we wish him well, for he protects Allah's house as a strong man should, and in the name of Islam we hope no harm will come to him." He spoke with such emotion that I was profoundly moved.

For purely Islamic interests the rival Arab kings can still meet, if side issues, like the raid of Faisal Al Dawish on Iraq, could be averted. There are, of course, those who believe that he is far too strong a personality for Ibn Saud to punish. Indeed, the leadership of the Akhwans is said to be entirely in the hands of Faisal Al Dawish, and it is sometimes stated that when, due to the sinking strength of the Sharifian dynasty, an opportunity fluttered in the way of Ibn Saud, it was the delicate handling of Faisal Al Dawish which made it possible for the Wahabi King to get control of the Akhwans for the victory of Mecca.

Whatever the case may be, the writer, who has made a close study of these questions on the spot, for one, refuses to believe that the unity of Arabia is a forlorn hope. It cannot be a union under one King: rather a confederacy of independent kingdoms, all working for the greatness and solidarity of the Arab race, never forgetting that they are the guardians of the cradle of a religion to which one-seventh of the human race still bows its head five times a day, and thereby solving the mystery of an Arab complex which has lain buried in the heart of Old Asia so long.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR EINSTEIN

BY ETHEL SMYTH

THE inception of the following incident, which ended gloriously in a letter from Professor Einstein, was a request from the editor of a brilliant little northern magazine for something ("anything you like") for her Miscellaneous Page. Aware of her passion for fables—from the Book of Judges downwards, via La Fontaine, to Mrs. Scott Gatty—I took my pen and wrote as follows:

THE TWO FIELDS

"Once upon a time two fields lay side by side; the one, tilled since time immemorial, grew splendid vegetables, the other was an unreclaimed waste. But owing to propinquity and the carelessness of seed-carrying birds, now and again a remarkably fine plant would spring up between a couple of rocks on the waste land; seeing which, the vegetable growers, who had never given their scrannel neighbour a thought, began calling attention to the poverty of the soil next door: 'Donkeys and goats can pick a living there, of course, and what with boulders, shrubs and wildflowers it's a picturesque little place and sets off our own charmingly, but as for thinking it might repay cultivation . . . well, look at the stones, the weeds, the couch-grass, the marshes, and judge for yourself!'

"But that indefatigable experimentalist Time had a surprise up his sleeve. One day gangs got to work, and hardly had a tiny portion of the field been cleared than up sprang such a goodly crop of vegetables that the old firm became seriously alarmed. 'It's nothing but a flash in the pan,' one cried to the other in a voice that could be heard a mile off, and of course in the next field. 'Now and again by a fluke they may pull off a prize at some agricultural show, but raise dependable crops, my dear fellow? . . . never!' And to the newcomers in the vegetable market they would archly whisper: 'You know we liked you ever so much better when all you desired was to be a decorative feature in the landscape; that's your real vocation, and a very charming one it is too!'

"To drop parables, the German philosopher Schopenhauer once expressed views that William II summarized in his famous dictum about three careers only being open to nice women. All three began with a K, and translated into English (childbearing, church-going and cooking), all three begin with a c—a harmony in which one can but trace the hand of Providence.

"Now I wonder if Schopenhauer had a premonition that danger was brewing on the left? (It was, I believe, one of Adam's left ribs that turned into Eve.) Did he fear that life might still be twitching in the flattened-out remains of the 'Frau als Begriff' (Woman as Concept), steam-rollered though she had been all down history by Man as Concept? Was it a case of one more squash to a moribund wasp? Be that as it may, the insect is still so much alive that the original husbandmen (here the word is both graceful and facetious) are now imploring their patrons not to forsake time-honoured convictions as to the poor quality of the neighbouring soil; 'above all,' they add, 'no nonsense about the remarkable results achieved in so short a time by the removal of a few cartloads of rubbish. . . .'

This manuscript was never finished, having been choked back into the pen that wrote it by a cutting from a New York newspaper, which, as the malicious

sender remarked, was "calculated to take the kick out of any feminist for the time being!"

It was a report of an interview with Professor Einstein, in the course of which that great man was said to have declared himself unfavourable to the broadening of female education, and particularly to women venturing to tread the sacred fields of astronomy and mathematics. At this point the reporter had burst into inverted commas: "In Madame Curie," said the Professor, "I see no more than a brilliant exception. Even if there were more woman-scientists of like calibre, that would serve as no argument against the fundamental weakness of the feminine organism."

This sentiment sounded to me strange on the lips of one whose favourite motto is said to be: "My object is not to hate with you, but to love with you";* who, as an Oxford friend with whom he had recently been making music tells me, is profoundly musical—and surely music induces a supple, contrapuntal view of life? Also it distressed me a good deal to think such might after all be Einstein's opinions; "are then even the greatest men half-witted," I asked myself, "when wrenched away from the traditional male theory as to woman's proper sphere?"

At length I plucked up courage and wrote to Berlin. By return of post I got a reply which I thus translate, for he has no English:

Potsdam, June 8, 1931

Much honoured Lady,

I never said anything of the sort; on the contrary, I have always contended that women have every right, and should be granted every opportunity, to take part in all branches of intellectual endeavour. I must confess that in my own experience passionate and lasting devotion to a purely intellectual cause is rare among women. Should one wish it were otherwise? To this question, dear Madam, you can perhaps answer better than

Yours obediently,

A. EINSTEIN

One's relief on reading this charming letter may be imagined. But is it not strange that, far from welcoming the idea of a possible speeding-up of scientific progress, thanks to the harnessing of women's brains, so many males should still be preoccupied exclusively by the thought of competition with themselves; that one of them, aware that discouragement is to talent what green-fly is to rose-bushes, should even go the lengths of inventing an interview with a great man in which he is depicted as a modern Perseus dashing down to rescue the Dragon from Andromeda! If it were worth the trouble, one would like to get on the track of this enterprising journalist, and suggest that next time he is looking out for "brilliant exceptions" he might take Monsieur Curie, but for whose sympathy with his wife's scientific genius the discovery of radium might have been delayed for years!

No one has analysed this whole matter more profoundly, more wittily, and with more shattering logic than Virginia Woolf in 'A Room of One's Own.' As she points out, judging by various authors consulted, there is anger and aversion in the male attitude towards the new Eve (one is speaking of the pundits, not of the crowd who applaud an Amy Johnson as wholeheartedly as a Lindbergh). But there is, above all, fear in it, the old elemental boggy-fear. And that is why they keep on telling each other that the female boggy cannot possibly grab and bite them because she is too feeble to grow claws and teeth.

* Probably taken from the famous line in the 'Antigone.'

When we women are afraid of wasps and mice men call us hysterical females. Yet wasps really do sting; and mice do run up petticoats. Now, I venture in the friendliest spirit to suggest that there is a touch of hysteria about this dread of woman as competitor. If the female brand of brain is going to be worth a good deal in science, what of it? Are

there not enough rocks, papyri, flowers, insects, stars, and corpses to go round?

But by the time men have become as calm about this question as they now are about Female Suffrage, women's difficulties will be but a memory. And, O! what a much pleasanter world this will then be—not only for us but for them!

THE SECRET OF POWER

BY LUIGI PIRANDELLO

PEOPLE are always asking me to tell them something of the tendencies of the modern theatre.

As if it were possible for anyone to account for the countless manifestations of a form of expression that is anything but scientific! To ask such a question is to show a lamentable ignorance of Art, for never has it been possible to indicate the tendencies and evolution of any form of art that was in any way worthy of the name. I do not say that the theatre, such as it is understood in some countries to-day, does not reveal certain marked tendencies, but I am certain that any theatre which deliberately sets out with any given tendency is doomed to failure. I am a sworn enemy of tendencies or schools of thought. Artistic creation must be born spontaneously. It must spring unconsciously from the mind, and the creative artist must never know what he is striving after. Art is a work of fantasy. It is elfin and wayward. It follows no masters and has no axe to grind. If the dramatist ever attempts to utilize the stage as a pulpit, he is doomed to failure, for art always exacts a heavy toll from any man who thus prostitutes it.

Unfortunately this ideal is not found in all countries to-day. In Germany, especially, dramatists set out with a given purpose, and the same is found in most other countries. That is why the theatre is at a low ebb.

Whenever I write a play, I simply obey the hidden springs of fantasy that lie latent somewhere in my consciousness. Intelligence is my sub-conscious guide and mentor, and on the stage I place the mirror of intelligence in order that passion which is always blind may stand revealed. The ideal which all dramatists should strive after is to mirror as faithfully as possible the fantasy that lies in their hearts. They can only do this if they write without a set purpose and simply as intermediaries between themselves and the outside world.

The example which I have given in my work has set many people thinking, and in Italy especially there are many young dramatists and authors who share my aversion to tendencies. Such writers as Corrado Alvaro, Arturo Loria, etc., are doing great work simply because they write as the fantasy moves them and not to order. Strangely enough my experience has shown me that the generation which has gained the most in depth of vision and psychology from the war is the one that has come to maturity after the war, and not the generation that went through the war itself. The spirit of fantasy that is responsible for all great masterpieces in history is evolved slowly, and usually it is the generation after any great upheaval that benefits the most from it.

I am very hopeful about the future of the theatre because the young generation of to-day is moving with me in this matter.

In all creative work there is as much mystery as in child-bearing and the creative process. A woman cannot give birth to a child at will. There are forces at work which alone determine that conception will take place, and every child that is born is a child of

fantasy. The same applies to Art, for with the artist it is the matrix of fantasy that scatters the germ of inspiration in his brain.

This element of fantasy is found only in man. With animals instinct is never immoderate. They are never guilty of excesses, as their instinct governs every act and so ensures their never overstepping the mark. Man, being a rational being, can only correct any excessive act by the use of his reason. It is only, therefore, when he is purely instinctive that he will really be creative. Genius is the over-plus sometimes possessed by man over and beyond his reason.

This age has been attacked for the mechanization that is taking place in every field of human activity. Now, while man who created this mechanization for his own material benefit is dominated by it, he has derived so little satisfaction for the superfluous fantasy which he possesses that he is seeking elsewhere for an outlet. Mechanization gives man a satisfaction in space (spatially), but we have just as much need of depth: the creative faculties cannot flourish when life is entirely devoid of it. The tree that soars the highest towards heaven is the one whose roots are the deepest, and all modern creation, thanks to this mechanization, is on the Earth's level. Mechanization, however deplorable it may be, is thus defeating its own ends, as man is consequently more inclined than ever to obey the hidden springs of his thought and consciousness. Thanks to mechanization, in short, I anticipate a great wave of creative work surging over the world. This reaction is already well on the way.

All my greatest works and successes on the stage are the result of the fantasy working in me. True I never write any book or play without many months' anxious thought. In some cases I have thought over a subject for as long as two or three years. Once I start writing a play or book, however, the work of creation is purely instinctive. There is no effort or pause in my work. Some plays I have written in six days, and, unlike most writers, I do not rewrite passages or make corrections. Why should there be any as long as I blindly obey the voice of fantasy within me? I can only write at the typewriter, and this machine is a wonderful centre of concentration to me: it gives me a sense of responsibility, and every tap of the machine has something of the finality of doom about it. Artistic creation should never be any more laboured than my own. In my own native Sicily I have seen washerwomen give birth to a child at the river's edge, and five minutes afterwards they were continuing their work! Any creative work that is great should be equally facile.

Next Week's SATURDAY REVIEW will contain:

- National Government and Unemployment, by Sir William Seager.
- Hindenburg at Eighty-four, by Hugo Hindenburg.
- Cookery in Scotland, by Mrs. F. White.
- An Argument; and a Short Story, by Marjorie Bowen.

TRADITIONAL COOKING IN THE NORTH-EAST OF ENGLAND

By F. WHITE

(Founder of the English Folk Cookery Association)

AS I pass through England from county to county I am more and more struck with admiration for the good cooking to be found in country places; but, mind you, it is done by country folk born and bred. The townsfolk who settle on the land either as innkeepers or farmers or smallholders far too frequently take their town cooking habits with them. Not always, but far too often; that is why we find so much tinned food in out-of-the-way places: the inhabitants do not know the resources of the land. Others are too idle. But the remainder! As a woman political organizer said to me after doing Suffolk, Norfolk and Lincolnshire: "My word! but those women in the out-of-the-way places *can* cook!"

A friend of mine who lives at Felixstowe, discoursing on cooking, said: "I don't like fish filleted or meat or poultry boned; there is a great deal of truth in the saying: 'The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.' The bones seem to give the meat a better flavour."

Norfolk and Suffolk are not cheese-producing counties, but butter is excellent; both counties are noted for turkeys and geese, other poultry and rabbits; and Norfolk is particularly famous for its beef and pork. Fish all along the coast is, of course, first-class. Yarmouth for bloaters, Cromer for lobsters, Cleethorpes for oysters, not to mention Grimsby and Lowestoft for fish of all kinds. Then there are the wild-fowl of the Broads and Lincolnshire Fens, eels in the autumn, and mushrooms, quantities of them, in August if it is not too wet. East Anglians know, too, how to make use of herbs. Now think of all that in terms of cooking: rich, juicy steaks and mushrooms perfectly cooked, with a glass of October ale with the real malt flavour. Why, it is an epicure's paradise! Here also you may have a piece of bacon grilled with your fish for breakfast. Bacon with fish is a fisherman's dish, and they know what's good.

Have you ever tasted anything better than a sweet-cured Suffolk ham? I doubt it. Among the ingredients used for pickling are 1 pint stout, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. treacle, and 1 pint old ale, but as so few people cure hams at home nowadays, I won't take up space by giving a recipe. Anyone, however, who is visiting Suffolk should not leave the county without tasting these special hams, and taking one home.

Then there is the stuffed chine for which North Lincolnshire and East Yorkshire are famous. This used to be the great dish for Trinity Sunday Feast at Old Clee, together with saucer (curd) cheese-cakes, and here is a recipe:

Stuffed Chine

Neck chine, that has been in pickle. Herbs, parsley chiefly, a quantity will be required, a small amount of thyme and marjoram, a few raspberry and black currant leaves (nice young ones), a small quantity of lettuce and a few spring onions.

Soak the chine over-night, also pick and well wash all the herbs. Score both sides of the chine. Put all the herbs through the mincing machine—once will be enough—then stuff tightly in all the scorings until they are filled.

Make a stiff paste of flour and water and cover the chine entirely with it. Bake in a moderate oven, the length of time according to the size of the chine. When cooked take off the paste carefully and place the chine on a dish strainer. It is not eaten until it is quite cold.

Raised pork pies are seasoned differently in different counties. In Lincolnshire, at Boston, they are seasoned with sage, in Warwickshire a few raisins are frequently added, while Melton Mowbray pork pies are simply seasoned with salt and pepper and the flavour brought out by the addition of essence of anchovy. They make good bread and cakes in the Midlands, and here are three recipes from Boston:

1. Fruit Bread

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. clarified dripping, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. moist sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each of currants and raisins, 2 oz. mixed peel cut small. Rub the fat into the flour until smooth. Mix all the ingredients together, melt 1 oz. compressed yeast in a pint of warm water, add to the mixture and knead into a light dough. Divide into four, put into tins, warmed, leave to rise by the fire $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, bake 2 hours in a moderate oven.

2. Wheaten Meal Scones

$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. wheaten meal, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cream of tartar, the same of bicarbonate of soda, 1-2 oz. butter. Some sour milk. Salt.

Sift the dry ingredients into a basin, rub in butter until free from lumps, make a well in the centre and pour in enough sour milk to make a softish dough. Turn out lightly on to a floured board and form into a round. Mark it across in four, place on greased baking sheet, and bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes. When nearly ready, break the scone in pieces, brush them over with milk or beaten egg. Dry in the oven for a few minutes, serve hot.

N.B.—If sour milk is not available use 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar and 2 teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda.

3. Oatmeal Scones

7 oz. flour, $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. oatmeal, 3 oz. sugar, 3 oz. butter, 1 oz. lard, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 egg, a pinch of salt. Mix dry ingredients together, melt the butter with the lard, mix well in. Beat the egg in $\frac{1}{4}$ teacup of cold water. Mix well in. Put dough on floured board, roll out thin, cut in rounds about 2 inches across. Bake on a well-greased tin.

There is only space now to give recipes for Yorkshire Parkins, but do not forget when up North that some people think Wensleydale cheese superior even to Stilton, and that a hungry man likes nothing better than a hot roll of bread fresh from the oven, split and buttered with a slice of piping hot grilled Yorkshire ham (and a touch of mustard) slipped inside.

Parkins (Doncaster)

2 breakfast-cupfuls of flour, 1 ditto of oatmeal, 1 teaspoonful baking soda, 1 tablespoonful butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. treacle, 1 teacupful milk, 1 teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, ginger and allspice. Sift flour and soda together with the spices, add oatmeal, rub in the butter, warm treacle and milk together, add and stir well. Roll out, cut in rounds 3 inches across, bake in a very moderate oven until done. It may be left whole and baked in a shallow tin, if preferred.

Don't forget that Whitby gingerbread is one of our famous national gingerbreads, and that the Yorkshire curd cheese cakes made in deep plates or saucers are renowned, and the oatake or bread of Skipton is very special. So also are the bilberry pies of Howarth.

OUR VILLAGE LOOKS AT THE DOLE

By O. M. GREEN

SOON after the National Government was formed, Ezekiel, the carpenter, came in to put a weather-board on our back door. Ezekiel works for a local building syndicate; he is nearly as broad as he is long, wears a walrus moustache, and the peak of his cap over one ear, and is a master of his art. We are old friends, and I naturally asked him what he thought of the situation.

"Some of the men are talking very wild," he returned. "They say Mr. MacDonald ought to have done this and the other, and they say what they'd like to do to him for cutting the unemployment pay. But I tell 'em, when a ship's sinking, you must just do what you can to save it. I tell 'em Mr. MacDonald he's done the only thing he could do, and I say he's right. By the time everybody's paid, the unemployed'll be no worse off'n anyone else, and then the good times'll come back. Oh, they talk wild, sir, but they won't act wild when they've had time to think."

He cut a long, slender shaving with his chisel, as swiftly and evenly as a machine.

"I wish the papers 'ud stop talking about the dole," he said. "'Tisn't fair to us workmen who pay our insurance money every week. If I lose my job and draw relief, it's what I've been paying for all along. 'Tisn't fair to call that a dole."

He cut another shaving and reflected.

"It's the 'gipsies' that make the trouble," he went on; gipsy is the generic word round us for the workshy. "When we come out of the war we all got our papers, gipsies and everyone. Well, the gipsies, they go all of a tremble at the word work, and there's lots of ways they can dodge it and still draw their money; and now the end is we've all got to pay. You tackle the gipsies, and don't make it so easy for them to do nothing, and the workers'll be as pleased as anyone, if they do talk wild at first."

Verity, the housemaid, had come out with scraps for the pig-bucket, and paused to listen to Ezekiel. Verity is as capable a girl all round as I know, light of foot, quick, neat and a fine worker. We look forward gloomily to the day of her marriage.

"If they only tax the rich people," she said, "and think they can afford to pay for all the rest, it'll simply mean that staffs are cut down all round and lots more people out of work."

Our neighbourhood has been badly shaken up by the misfortunes of a big local firm. No doubt this has helped to make Ezekiel's mates "talk wild." But Verity has been using her brains.

"I say everybody ought to pay some income-tax," she concluded, "then they'd understand things better."

Ethel, the cook, not to be denied where two or three are gathered together to air their views, now put her head out of the scullery window. Ethel, to the distress

of many swains, "does not hold with marriage"; she stands firmly on her rights, is sharp-tongued and efficient.

"Why don't they make all these unemployed girls go into domestic service?" she demanded. "Look at us, not nearly enough to go round. It's good work and pays better than being in a shop. Make 'em go into domestic service, say, instead of loafing and living on others."

"And supposing they don't want to go into service?" inquired Ezekiel, blowing into the blade of his plane.

"Oh, I'd make 'em fast enough," replied Ethel, drawing in her head.

She would. If I could get her introduced to Mr. Chamberlain, she would be invaluable at the Ministry of Health. We should lose a good cook; but this is a time for equal sacrifices all round.

Later in the day Jack, the window-cleaner, put his head in at my window where I was writing, and congratulated me on the loveliness of the afternoon.

"Nice noo weather, nice noo Government," he said, "Let's hope for a change all round to do us all good."

Jack is a young man, so that his views are the more interesting.

"Oh, I think it's all right," he went on; "I've heard some talk of a revolution. 'If things have got to smash, let 'em smash,' they says, 'and all start square.' Lot of starting they'd do. It's not our way to have revolutions, I say. It's the Englishman's way to grumble and pay."

"Talk of paying," he went on, after an interlude with his window-cloths, "Why don't they tax the co-operative societies? Of course, at the beginning they was a poor man's show. But now they're rich, tremendous rich, and if we've all got to pay, why shouldn't they?"

"There's another thing. What did they want to give the vote for, to all these boys and girls, just because they're twenty-one? They don't know anything and most of 'em'll never learn. Keep the vote for them as've done something to show they know what it means, I say, but don't let these silly kids have it."

He polished off the last pane, wished me a cheerful good-day, and disappeared.

Heretical views truly for the T.U.C. But, in substance, exactly as here set down. Though outside the London district, we are in close touch with a busy manufacturing suburb, which sharpens our wits; and I think these opinions are representative of not a few others.

At least they suggest a fine field for proselytizing, if agents of the National Government will use half the energy shown by the other side.

A HOUSE FOR JANE

By NORMAN GORDON

WHEN I heard the postman give a double knock and saw him with a solitary letter in his hand, I knew that my sister-in-law had written to us again. With misgivings, I paid the extortion that the Postmaster-General exacts when his clients are so rushed that they forget the stamp, and closed the door.

The letter, in those places where it lapsed into something approaching legibility, ran as follows: "We've

found a simply marvellous woodlouse (? mill-house) . . . oak trams and finals (later agreed, by all but one member of the family, to mean 'oak beams and panels') and a wonderful wire-collar (? wine-cellar)." There was more. But we had read enough. The signature was merely a vertical stroke, followed by a horizontal wavy line. That is Jane's way of signing her name.

We groaned. Finding houses is Jane's delight and George's sorrow. Jane buys at the top of the market in summer (with George's money, of course) and sells out in a panic, at a considerable loss, after the first burst pipes of winter. George is usually so glad to get away that he says nothing, or next to nothing, about his part of the deal. And naturally the original owners are only too pleased to get the ancestral property back with the mortgage paid off, electric lighting laid on, two new bath-rooms and a hard tennis-court.

Of course, the house usually looks a bit different by the time Jane leaves it. At the last place, the Grange, Much Moxham, she was forced to cut clean through the middle of a sixteenth-century yew hedge for the new drive, fill in the sunken garden for the hard court, and build the additional bath-room in the musicians' gallery. She discovered, too late, that the yew hedge and the sunken garden and the musicians' gallery were all that she really liked about the house. So she left it and set off to hunt down and destroy another historical monument.

We worked out the address this time to be Gyles's Mill, Little Loxham. The rest of the letter was completely illegible, except for a promise to 'phone at lunch time. During dinner the 'phone bell rang. I answered it. A lot of trouble at the other end indicated that Jane was shortly to begin a conversation. So far as I could gather between the asides, George was simply bursting to motor us down and show us over. Then Jane got technical. I handed over the receiver to the member of the family who is interested in those sanitary problems arising from the conversion of ruins into dwelling-houses, and delicately withdrew.

Next morning George called for us in the car. It was not a cheerful ride. He looked like a man going to the dentist. "She's certain to take it," he said. "It's got a lantern over the door." Then he became moody and silent again.

We arrived about noon. Gyles's Mill might have been designed for Jane. It positively groaned with antiquity. We were observed immediately. "You darling, you've come, shrieked Jane, suddenly flinging back a pair of massive shutters. I picked up one shutter, which just missed me, and handed it back to her. She ignored it.

"Wait a minute," she cried and ran to the door. "There now, isn't that a peach of a room?" she asked proudly, stepping back to reveal a low, dingy apartment. I discovered too late that the peach of a room had a gem of a beam right across the doorway. I still believe that I owe my life to the hard hat that I was wearing.

There was, too, a terribly intriguing step that ran across the middle of the room. George and I fell over it together. Jane said that it had always been one of her ambitions to have a room with a step in it. Every time one or other of us fell over it after that we reminded her that now she had what she wanted.

Jane, however, was too busy talking to a little man with corrugated trousers and a sad, suspicious face to take much notice of relations.

"Well, p'raps them stairs do need shoring up a bit," admitted the little man grudgingly. "They're two 'undred years old."

Her eye gleamed. "And the fireplaces need fixing," said Jane, who loves bargaining.

"Take a man and a boy 'alf a day," grumbled the agent's clerk. "They wasn't made yesterday."

"Nice bit of panelling," said George, who always says the wrong thing.

"Ah," said the little man appreciatively, "That was a find."

"What's that?" said Jane instantly.

"See that beam," he said, pointing to the killer over the door. "That's three hundred years old. Came from Widder Parratt's along with them panels. The stairs was from the Nugglethorpes at North Noxham,

where the lead-lights came from. There's been a lot of 'istory and 'ard work gone into this 'ouse."

Jane gave one long shudder. "I suppose the walls are real," she asked weakly and sarcastically.

"Oh, they're real enough," said the little man reassuringly, "Every bit of stone came from the old 'all at West Woxham. This must be one of the oldest 'ouses in these parts by now."

That was too much for Jane. She simply collapsed. "Come away," she said limply, and led George down Widder Parratt's staircase, beneath the Nugglethorpe beam, and out of Gyles's Mill. I saw George's face. It was like that of a man coming away from the dentist.

The agent's clerk followed pathetically. "Stop and see the lantern lighted up," he said. "It's got a new battery in it."

A SATURDAY DICTIONARY

MANDATES

THERE are two views of Parliamentary functions, which may be called the High and the Low. According to the latter, Parliament is merely a representative body whose business it is to debate public affairs and to represent its views to some superior authority with the request that its decisions be made effective. According to the former, Parliament is not merely representative, but responsible; that is, it is in fact, though perhaps not in form, responsible for carrying its own decisions into effect.

The high doctrine of Parliamentary functions has triumphed in England and the British Dominions, though not universally elsewhere; but there are also two views as to the function of the members who compose Parliament.

The high doctrine is that they are chosen to represent a constituency in all matters great and small which may arise during a period of years; if those who elect the member are generally satisfied that he deserves their confidence, he will probably be re-elected; if not, not.

The low doctrine is that a member is a mere delegate who is instructed by his constituents as to his conduct, and is bound to carry those instructions out. If he conscientiously disapproves those instructions, he is in duty bound to resign.

The high view has been magnificently upheld by Burke, and it will be recalled that it was also maintained by the late Sir Alfred Mond a few years ago, when he changed his party, but refused to resign his seat. The low view is taken by the democratic school, and is maintained in an extreme form by the T.U.C., which aspires to control not only the individual member but the Cabinet itself, and consequently the Government.

The theory of a mandate is a logical outcome of the low or democratic theory of delegation as opposed to responsible representation. A Parliament is elected for one purpose; it is presumed not to be competent to legislate on another matter of primary importance which was not before the electors, unless and until it has consulted them again and received from them a mandate to deal with the matter on lines generally approved by the majority.

The doctrine of a mandate obviously limits the effective sovereignty of Parliament; and in consequence its general acceptance would lead to a less forcible and independent type of member standing for election. If pressed to its logical conclusion, it would reduce the House of Commons again from a responsible to a merely representative assembly.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

ARE EXAMINATIONS A TEST ?

By JOHN PACE

As one deeply interested in education, I am sure that examinations are on the whole a positive good, and that there is nothing to replace them. I have been both an examiner and an examinee, and am aware that the first are safe and sometimes foolish inquisitors, while the others may be confronted with questions that ought not to be asked. I know Henry Latham's depressing book on the demerits of examinations. Things are, however, improved to-day, and, though there are too many varieties of them, I hold them to be both necessary to prevent slackness and an excellent test of ability.

It is urged that many great men have failed in these competitions—the instance of Newman, the most potent spirit of his time at Oxford, is ready to hand. The answer to this is that no one to-day takes examination results as a final and deciding test of a young man's ability. Some, in the later course of their education, foreseeing that their best line and compelling interests in life lie elsewhere than in the subjects of their study, take things easy. Further, it is plain that a youth, like a young horse, may disappoint at the time of testing through a toothache, a headache, or some more obscure disablement in the growing body. These, however, are useful warnings to him and his friends for his future, and in that sense valuable.

There must always be hard cases, as when, to take an actual instance, a boy who was a master of Greek grammar was misled by a terminology unknown to him and wrote down First Aorists instead of the more difficult and irregular Second Aorists. But these handicaps to fairness happen everywhere, and cannot alter the general soundness of the examination system. I approve of it for its competitive spirit, and as a test of memory, nerve, concentration, and clearness of thought and expression.

Man, in spite of his mental advances, I still regard as an animal subject to Darwin's doctrines. A boy must compete. He wants to struggle against other boys in the mental arena as in the football field. Give him a definite goal to go for, and he will surprise his teachers and parents. I knew well an able youngster who, taught at home by his father, made no real advance. The father was a scholar, but his son knew how to manage him and take as little trouble as possible. Sent to compete with other boys, he felt the spur and shot ahead of them, discovering an excellent memory he had been too lazy to use. The fact is that competition, followed by applause, prizes and solid emoluments, is needed to get the best out of young people.

Memory is, of course, a main factor in examinations and a faculty easily overrated, but it is important as a means of human pleasure. The young man who could think of nothing is fabled to have drawn on his blank sheet a tombstone inscribed, "Sacred to the memory which always deserts me on these important occasions." He was suffering from nerves. Examinations are a test of nerve, which is essential for success in life. A paper lies before you to be answered within a certain time. This demands concentration and the settlement of what shall be done first and the right way to do it—two decisions which are often momentous in the later world of affairs. Rapidity of execution is less important, but still a useful acquirement. Clearness of thought is invaluable throughout life, and in examinations you must convey to another clearly what you know. I have often wished that some of the untidy minds of our politicians of the "there or thereabouts" school had been trained by the examination room, which shows up vague rhetoric.

By JAMES LINDSAY

This is the heyday of the examiner, for even office-boys are not deemed fit to lick stamps unless they are in possession of a matriculation certificate, and hardly a year goes by but some fresh occupation is closed to all save the favoured few who have the knack of answering the questions set in an examination paper. At the present rate of progress it will not be long before young people of opposite sexes are forbidden to go for a run in a car together until they have passed an exam. in Freud or obtained a diploma in Stopes.

Now this examination mania may be all very well in the case of those precocious youths and maidens who develop early, but it is a most unfair test of those who mature late: in short, it is no criterion of latent ability. Disraeli has a famous chapter in 'Coningsby,' in which he celebrates the triumph of youth, but the names he cites are the exceptions rather than the rule, and he himself was well over sixty before he became Prime Minister. In all ages the greatest men have generally developed slowly, and no examination system that has yet been devised would have done them justice. How many, I wonder, of those who have taken Firsts at Oxford during the past year will ever make their mark in the world?

Then again, the ordinary examination is calculated to narrow, rather than broaden, the mind. To pass, the student must concentrate on certain aspects of the subject in question, generally to the complete exclusion of the wider issues, and in the end he cannot see the wood for the trees. History is divided into arbitrary periods, law into sections, and science into categories, with the result that those who have "satisfied the examiners" possess minds divided into water-tight compartments.

Examinations are certainly a test of ability, but only of the ability to pass them. They are a knack, and those who have acquired it get their certificate of ability. They are a test of performance rather than promise, and it is the latter that really matters in youth. The boy or girl who has so little imagination that he or she can read from page 137 to page 264 of a "set book," without the curiosity to inquire what went before or what came after, will pass the exam. with flying colours, but that is not the type of individual who is much use afterwards, save as a Civil Servant or a teacher. On the other hand, those who want to get to the heart of the problems they are studying will assuredly fail in the examinations, for they will lack that superficial knowledge and glib assurance that is essential to success.

As a method of keeping the children of the working-classes out of the "cushy jobs" which the bourgeoisie wrested for themselves from the aristocracy in the past, examinations have, no doubt, much to recommend them, but there their usefulness ends. They are, as has been shown, no test of ability, and still less are they a test of character, which is what, in the last resort, really matters. The ordinary "swot" is not much use to his school; he does not improve when he becomes a Scholar of Balliol or King's; and when he emerges into the world he is so superior on the one hand, and so lacking in "guts" on the other, that he is neither useful nor successful.

If any reader is inclined to dispute the justice of these contentions, let him sit down with pencil and paper, and make a list of his friends: after this let him number them in the order of their usefulness in the world and their success in life, and I will wager that very few of those who carried off the prizes at school and college will appear among the first dozen names.

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FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Alexander Hamilton. Directed by John G. Adolfi.
The New Gallery.

Fighting Caravans. Directed by Otto Brower and David Burton.
The Plaza.

A SHORT time ago I was talking to an American who is one of the chief men in the cinema at Hollywood, and he was lamenting the shortage of good stories. I suggested to him that the world of literature began before 1914, and we became quite heated about the matter, but the upshot of the argument was that he told me that "costume was a washout." No sooner had my American friend gone back to Hollywood than 'Alexander Hamilton' appeared. I do not know what success this picture is having in America, but I must say that I do not think it will be a big one here, in spite of a polished performance by George Arliss. If the picture fails to appeal here, I think it will not be because it is in costume, but because the treatment of the life of this romantic figure is dull. After all, Hamilton was known as Washington's "little lion," and to portray his meteoric career, which culminated in his death in a duel, there must be more than an indication of his panache.

Unfortunately the tempo of the film is slow, and George Arliss himself gives little or no sign of being anyone except George Arliss. Not only is he too old for the part, but he does not carry in his armament the right sort of gun to characterize this Scotch emigrant who became commander-in-chief of the United States. Nevertheless, here is an attempt to broach the untapped casks of history, and the old wine, even though the crust has been broken by hasty decanting, is better than most of the new, which is sour and without body. I, for one, am grateful for its appearance and suggest for the umpteenth time that the lives of Gordon, Clive, Cecil Rhodes and countless other great and stirring personalities are worth the filming by our British companies in preference to photographing modern plays. In this connexion I am glad to see that 'David Livingstone' will be revived at the Windmill Theatre, just off Piccadilly Circus, next week.

If 'The Covered Waggon' had never been made, perhaps the new film at the Plaza, 'Fighting Caravans,' would have seemed a better piece of work than it does. These pioneering pictures are all being made on the same pattern and in consequence there must be dullness. In the publicity matter, with which I was provided, its sponsors claim that this picture carries on the magnificent traditions of 'The Covered Waggon' with all the added advantages of the talking screen to make it live. I wish it were true, but the dialogue adds nothing to the film. The backchat of Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, who play the two "oldtimers," is stereotyped, and the quarrel and make-it-up scenes between Gary Cooper and Lily Damita are trite.

There are, however, some compensations for the very ordinary first-half of the picture. The directors have concentrated their resources and their energies upon the attack by the Indians on the waggons, and this section of the film acquires breadth and depth. The "shots" of the Sierras and the fording of the river in face of the bow and arrow are splendidly photographed. The story begins to grip for the first time, and, if the directors had left nearly all the talk out of the picture and kept the attention fixed upon the trail, they would not have missed their opportunity of making something which might have come nearly up to the high mark set by 'The Covered Waggon.'

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Post-Mortem. By Noel Coward. Heinemann. 5s.

LAST week, when writing about 'Cavalcade,' I referred to a published, but as yet unacted, play by Mr. Noel Coward called 'Post-Mortem.' Reading that article in print this morning, it occurred to me that I owe Mr. Coward an addendum. For a critic has duties as well as privileges; and if he slates what he dislikes, he ought also to commend with equal vigour that which he approves.

Months ago I received from Messrs. Heinemann a copy of 'Post-Mortem.' I read it with interest, with astonishment and with delight. It seemed to me a play with many minor and some major blemishes, but full of that genuine Noel Coward which a phrase or two in all his plays, even in his airiest comedies, has discovered to the more appreciative of his critics: an essentially serious and tremendously bitter, castigatory Noel Coward: indeed, the only Noel Coward which I personally can reconcile with the very interesting and sardonic physiognomy depicted in his photographs. And I only refrained from saying so at once from a confidence that the play would very soon be acted—though probably in the pseudo-privacy of some play-producing club.

John Cavan, the protagonist of Mr. Coward's war-play (for a war-play it is, though five of its seven scenes are dated 1930), is first encountered in a dug-out in the front line during 1917. During this scene he debates with his friend Perry whether the war is "blind futility," or a purge to cleanse the social system of its old illusions, leaving England mentally and morally a healthier place. And into this debate there slips a metaphysical hypothesis, so fantastic as to be disconcerting. It is not very clearly stated in the text; but what it amounts to is that "just for a second before one dies" one is given a glimpse of the future. John believes in at least the possibility of this revelatory glimpse; and when, at the end of the scene, he is wounded mortally, he foreshadows the subsequent events with the words: "I'll know now, Perry. . . ."

Metaphysics are not Mr. Coward's strongest suit; but since they are also not so much the point of the play as a technical device by which to bring the moribund spirit of John Cavan into post-war England, the questions provoked by Mr. Coward's bold hypothesis need not be discussed. It must suffice to say that John, while hovering between life and death in 1917, arrives in a visible and tangible form in the world of 1930.

The rest of the play is post-war England, viewed through the eyes of one still seeing with the unillusioned honesty of war-time soldiers. John finds his mother, robbed of her old beliefs, and now too old to grasp the new ones. He finds the girl to whom he had once been engaged, now despicable, yet pitiable, feckless, frivolous and discontented, having "found out about everything being a bore." He finds Perry, now a war-survivor, arming himself for suicide because the world which has fulfilled his pessimistic prophecy disgusts him. He visits his father, owner of a million-circulation newspaper, and discovers a cynical and irresistible conspiracy to suppress the truth about the war—and the truth about everything else, for that matter! And last of all he finds that many, even of those who fought in the war, have slipped back into the old pre-war conventional beliefs and smug illusions. Perry was right; time has proved that the war was nothing more than "blind futility."

The play may best be summed up as a virulent, and at times vituperative, attack on Falsehood. Lies about the war, lies about morality, lies about religion; lies scattered broadcast by a hypocritical Authority, and believed by a Civilization still too stupid to detect the hourly fraud; lies which enrich the liars and impoverish the honest, driving them to choose between

the desperate remedies of suicide or cynicism; lies which Mr. Coward prophesies will trick the world into more war—these are the targets aimed at in 'Post-Mortem.' And perhaps the crowning lie may yet be perpetrated, for it would not surprise me if the play were banned!

In the meantime, I advise you strongly to expend five shillings on the printed text.

Seven Shakespeares. By Gilbert Slater. Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.

UP to a point Mr. Slater's little book is a useful and tolerably judicial summary of the evidence. His conclusion that the plays of "Shakespeare" or "Shaksper," or "Shakspeare," or even "Shakerley," were written by a cultured aristocrat, intimately familiar with Court life, who had travelled extensively in Northern Italy and was possessed of a remarkable knowledge of legal proceedings, must be accepted. In other words, he was *not* a tight-fisted, corrupt, small-town merchant.

The author's identification of Kent as Shakespeare's county also seems plausible, and that of the Forest of Arden with the Ardennes convincing. Six of the chapters are devoted to the claims of Bacon, Derby, Marlowe, Rutland, Oxford and Raleigh—a list that one feels might be, and probably will be, considerably extended. Bacon gets most of 'Richard II and III'; Derby, 'Love's Labour's Lost'; Oxford, 'Hamlet' and the Sonnets; Rutland and Raleigh figure on the payroll with expert assistance; and Marlowe was apparently technical adviser to this charmingly aristocratic nest of singing-birds.

And then in a frail moment Mr. Slater felt compelled to make a dashing and breath-taking contribution of his own. Unhappily influenced by "The Authoress of the Odyssey," he came inexorably to the conclusion that Shakerley was a lady!

Who was the lady? "When I touched upon the problem in a talk with Captain Ward, he immediately declared that the authoress must have been the Countess of Pembroke." (Rather sweet, that "immediately"! Must have been? Well, hark!

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced it in untimely howre.
Great losse to all that ever did him see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to me.

The author of those majestic lines, in Mr. Slater's and Captain Ward's opinion, wrote 'The Tempest,' 'Julius Caesar,' much of 'King Lear,' 'As You Like It,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' etc.

How odd it is that with very few exceptions the participants in this acid brawl entirely lack æsthetic acumen. Mr. Slater's argument is that no man, even if he commands the mightiest imaginative genius, has any trustworthy insight into women's minds. Flaubert must have had a cultured female collaborator when writing 'Madame Bovary.' Needless to say, this chapter beats all previous records for "perhappes," "possibilities," "I imagines" and "We may suppose."

Henry James is quoted in this book as saying: "I find it *almost* as impossible to conceive that Bacon wrote the plays as that the man from Stratford, as we know the man, did." To which one feels inclined to couple the names of Derby, Rutland, Raleigh, Marlowe, Oxford and Lady Pembroke—especially Lady Pembroke! But who was that much-travelled aristocrat, with a vocabulary of 20,000 words and every recondite legal phrase at his finger-tips, the greatest poet who ever lived? A matchless mystery, and likely to remain so.

H. R. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

CO-EDUCATION

SIR,—I think the young woman from a co-educational school, of whom Mrs. Lascelles writes in your issue of October 3, must have been a freak. I have just left a co-educational school at which I have been for over twelve years, and I can state that this young woman's behaviour is the very opposite to that which one finds in a girl educated at a co-educational school. As for the girls mixing up with the boys' rough horse-play, that never takes place.

I fail to see why girls should form a bad opinion of the opposite sex; in fact the boys and girls learn to appreciate one another's difficulties and understand one another, with the result that when they become prefects they co-operate for the good of their school. By the time they reach university age they have learned to meet one another without that absurd awkwardness one sees in young men and women who have not been brought up together.

Harpenden

J. BERNAN (Old Georgian)

ALIEN POLITICIANS

SIR,—The Autobiography of Trebitsch-Lincoln, recently reviewed, discloses the career of an amazing adventurer. One review says he "was trusted by no one." Yet he must have been trusted by a Bishop who ordained him; by his political sponsors and constituents when he became a Member of our Parliament; by our War Office, which employed him in the Intelligence Department during the war; by Chinese generals who made him their military adviser; and by Buddhist priests who admitted him to their hierarchy in Ceylon.

This record is as much a condemnation of those who accepted him as of the adventurer himself. It leads one to reflect that, considering the records of some other politicians of alien descent now or recently in our midst, it would be well if people of such origins were excluded by law from our Parliament and public services, at least until the third or fourth generation. It is within the last few years that a Chinaman was adopted as a candidate by the Socialist organization of one district. People of alien origin may be a danger to the State when there is a party in collusion with foreign enemies attempting to subvert our Constitution.

ENGLISHMAN

'IS RESTLESSNESS AN EVIL?'

SIR,—The Week's Argument for October 10 loses some of its usual interest because Mr. Osbert Burdett and Sir C. Petrie consider the subject not so much from opposite poles as from different planes: they do not intersect. The former is against neurotic restlessness, the latter in favour of busy intellectual restlessness, which would include the activity of genius generally.

But the test is surely happiness. Is not happiness on the Ape Standard more to be desired than misery on the Human or Gold Standard? The little shell *lingula* has come up through all the geological life epochs to the present day unchanged, and that no doubt because it was and is contented and happy.

To "get far" is clearly not always to reach happiness, and many a "sedentary fool" is quite happy. Are the Chinese happier since they became dynamic? Activity, progress and restlessness need defining before being the subject of or used in argument. Consider the man on the treadmill.

Oxford

E. S. THOMAS

'POETS AND POACHERS'

SIR,—In the issue of October 3 the author of 'Red Ike' contributes an article on this subject. He begins by quoting three verses of Burns's 'Epistle to John Rankine' and his interpretation of the poem leads him to the conclusion that Burns was a poacher: "I know

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of no other poem in which Burns touches upon poaching. Probably this was the only time he came under the ban of the law for such an offence, but that he had never before been a-poaching is an open question. . . . This proves that he did not look upon the killing or poaching of game with a disturbed mind." And so forth.

It is remarkable that the author of 'Red Ike,' himself a maker of verses, should have so completely misinterpreted Burns. For the poem has nothing to do with poaching in the common acceptance of the term, and Burns was not a poacher. It is very unlikely that he ever handled a gun. In this epistle, the Scotch poet is giving a descriptive picture of one of the many erotic episodes, the "thoughtless follies," that "stained his name." For the paitrick (Anglicè part-ridge), the bonnie hen, was according to Gilbert, the poet's brother, one Elizabeth Paton, a servant in their father's house!

Chiddingfold

E. P. PELLOE

THE QUEST FOR TRUTH

SIR,—Encompassed by a multitude of conflicting doctrines, in a world of changing ideas and shattered ideals, the average citizen finds it increasingly difficult to discover the truth upon matters political, economic and social. Prejudice, party claims and sectional interests prevent us from getting at the cold unvarnished facts of life, when clear, unbiased information might give the average man a chance to make up his mind as to what actually stands in the way of the nation towards the attainment of a better civilization and a fuller life.

With this view before us, we—a few citizens engaged in varied occupations—have formed what we have named "The Questors Association," to search for the truth upon matters political, economic and social, with the future aim of making public, as far as we can, the findings at which we may arrive, thus, perhaps, setting in motion some action towards remedying the defects of modern civilization.

We could not turn to older Associations, for each seemed bound by prejudice or party views. We have, therefore, humbly set up a new Research Institution for Everyman, and though the courtesy of your columns would ask anyone who may care to join us in our work to communicate with: The Secretary, Questors Association, 34 Rosehill Road, London, S.W.18.

A. M. COLES

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND

SIR,—Since there are two sides to every question, may I reply to Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's notice of 'Elizabeth of England.' I have rarely read one more strangely out of keeping with the facts. This may be due to Mr. Wakefield's "frivolous imagination," since he tells us that to him Queen Elizabeth is "something even deadlier than Queen Anne." As his standpoint, to begin with, was biased as to subject, his notice of the play was hardly likely to be unprejudiced. A dramatic critic's opinion, when all is said, remains as personal as any other playgoer's.

Mr. Wakefield quarrels with Herr Bruckner's reading of the time element. Does this matter? What does matter is that one should have the width and sweep of character—its many facets—that strength and virility which made Pius V say of the Queen that she was the only *man* among the princes of Europe. All that Miss Terry finely gave an applauding house recently, and when one adds to it the brilliantly subtle portrait of Philip II of Spain that Mr. Lang gives us, one may well wonder at Mr. Wakefield's remarks. Herr Bruckner gives us the stage of Europe—Elizabeth in England; Philip in Spain—and very effectively contrasts the two; but Mr. Wakefield cannot see the wood for the trees—and his whole criticism is stultified to that extent.

Norwich

G. WYNNE RUSHTON

NEW NOVELS BY H. C. HARWOOD

- Mr. and Mrs. Pennington.* By Francis Brett Young. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
The Old People. By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 7s. 6d.
Dorothy's Wedding. By Ethel Sidgwick. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.
Fish Are Such Liars. By Roland Pertwee. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THAT a novelist should be interested in human beings is one of those apparently self-evident propositions a little consideration will refute. Excellent novels can be, have been, written in which the individual is ruthlessly sacrificed to ideas, emotions, to a love of satire, to a hope of offending aunts, or simply to the near and speedy development of the plot. Other excellent novels illuminate a single personality, but set him in a group of masks grotesque in the play of shadow. Some writers, too, there are of no inconsiderable reputation, who in their preference for the activities of the subconscious remove from their characters the integument that like the physical skin protects them from exposure and assists their recognition. There is no right or wrong about it. The novel has not, thank Heaven, been subjected to the Alexandrian analysis of academics, nor condemned to observe the rules of taste, order and precedent. To those, however, who enjoy reading about "real persons"—persons resembling the folk we meet, as we should with a little stronger imagination see them ourselves—I strongly commend the first three novels on my list. Mr. Brett Young has rarely written with greater force or subtlety. Mr. Beresford has done no better work for a decade. And Miss Sidgwick is her witty, elusive self.

'Mr. and Mrs. Pennington' describes a young couple who live in the suburbs of a Midland manufacturing town. The usual details are to be found, for Mr. Brett Young quite rightly is not afraid of the obvious; his style gives it a new interest. The gimcrack house run up by a speculative builder; the pretentious furniture delivered in plain vans; the cheap luxury of the palatial cinema; the gossip of neighbours scrutinizing Chatsworth; the mental vacuity; the irritations; and behind it all a gay adventurousness and fundamental loyalty. But it is Susan Pennington who dominates all. She is a shallow little fool, whose infidelity, being as it were accidental, is more pardonable than her sly extravagance, and she has not an idea in her head that has not been hammered in from outside, and her poses are only made tolerable by her vitality. Yet such is the power of Mr. Brett Young's imagination that we refuse to judge, to classify her thus. She is Susan, not a specimen; a soul at odds with her environment, one of the millions sailing uncharted seas, but distinctively herself whom it would be impertinent to pity and sentimental to admire. Dick Pennington is dull. Minor public school, motor bicycle and predigested opinions. But idiosyncratically dull. Even Bulgin, whose conduct is less defensible than Iago's, whose influence throughout is determined for evil by petty spites and senile lust, is only to be recognized in cool retrospect as a villain. In his presence we take him, if not at his own valuation, certainly at the Demiurge's; not nice, but not satanic, scarcely evil, just mean.

The air in North Bromwich is sooty, and loveliness is with difficulty raised beneath that sky. It is easier to build cinemas, Grand Midland Hotels and rows of Chatsworth suffocating villages in their disorderly expansion. The masculine beauty of Mr. Brett Young's prose detaches his tale from the sordidness of the surroundings. Shropshire, too, is not far away, the "fragrance of briar and honeysuckle," the "cold mountain flavour." Mr. Brett Young is to

be congratulated on composing what is nearly his best book out of unpromising material, on his rich humanity, his craftsmanship, his undaunted faith in life.

'The Old People' is the first part of a trilogy devoted to the fortunes of the Hillingdon family, small landowners, from 1867 to 1932. This first instalment takes us down to 1895, and gives Mr. Beresford little scope for the display of his abilities as a social historian, for the Hillingdons lived quietly in a shire where thirty years brought little of apparent change. Our interest is directed rather to the individuals, particularly to Barbara, the robust, flamboyant and curiously complicated wife of the muddleheaded squire, and to her second son, Owen, for whose sensibility neither a country house nor his uncle's business is likely to provide a pleasant background. Mr. Beresford's methods are very different from Mr. Brett Young's, his style drier, his imagination hooded, but he interests us in his people as he has hardly succeeded in doing since 'God's Counterpoint' or 'The Prisoners of Hartling.' Barbara is aloof, her actions to the end unexpected, her strength and her weakness so blended that they might be confused. She is lit by no lamp from within, but by the hard glare of the author's analysis. But what a living woman she is. "Here they were, in the same trouble together," her husband Miles reflects, "but instead of collaborating—the only helpful thing to do—she fretted and worried him into taking the fence with her a dead-weight on his back, as it were. She was just the same with horses, nagged and thrashed them, saved at their mouths." This gives us a lot of information about Barbara, more than is explicit in the simple comparison of her treatment of horses with her treatment of humans. But it is far from exhausting what we have to learn. Till the end she will surprise us, never understanding, never herself understood, for she is bigger than the sum of her qualities. It is a refreshing change from the "ambitious parvenu" or "comic dowager" who stamped with her description jerkily lives up to it, no matter what happens about her. Miles, too, faced with his wife's death, behaves in a manner that might be described as cowardly, is at first surprising, but in truth how intimately revelatory.

The upper middle class are preserved in Miss Sidgwick's novels as the Whig aristocracy in the portraits of Gainsborough; their perceptions are so fine, their appreciation of any expertise, though it be only a vet's taming a tom cat, so generous, their snobbishness made palatable by humorous self-depreciation, their lives, in the language of the brewers, the best entire. 'Dorothy's Wedding' owes little to its plot, which verges on the banal, or to George Faulkner whose kinship with Steerforth in 'David Copperfield' a thousand delicate quips are unable to conceal, but it introduces us to two villages full of the most entertaining people and visited by the immortal Edith Sheriff herself. Mr. Kipling allowed Macklin to call Henry James the lawful progeny of Jane Austen. Macklin was wrong. May I, more plausibly, suggest that Miss Sidgwick is descended from George Meredith and Jane? From the one she inherits her flashing quickness of intellect, from the other a sedate assurance; and the Shaffrey sisters are quite her own. But she must not let herself become too remote. All this business about the old book 'Village Altars,' which may in some Einsteinian way have been Miss Sidgwick's own novel, and may not, and disappeared or did not disappear—such trumpery mystifications are best left to Pirandello; Miss Sidgwick's art is, or should be, independent of them.

'Fish Are Such Liars' is a fat collection of short stories, many of which Mr. Pertwee might have left in limbo. His children and his animals are convincing. The adult humans are described with much humour and some sentiment, but with no imagination at all.

REVIEWS

THE ADMIRABLE BURNEY

My Friend the Admiral: the Life, Letters and Journals of Rear-Admiral James Burney, F.R.S. By G. E. Manwaring. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

WHEN a librarian descends to the humbler calling of authorship, a reviewer needs to have his wits about him. Mr. Manwaring's dedication to his "Colleagues at the London Library" sent, as it was perhaps designed to send, a tremor down my spine. The man who knows against the fellow who divines; the man of research against the homuncule who reviews: it is not a fair match, is it? Since the biographical side of naval history is Mr. Manwaring's province, since he is the editor of Henry Teonge and the author of a bibliography of British Naval History, who but Professor Callender himself would be equal to 'My Friend the Admiral'? The cunning of the librarian, however, has made allowance for the amateur by taking his title from a sentence of Charles Lamb:

My friend the Admiral was in fine wig and buckle, and by reminding us all that Admiral Burney was the brother of Fanny D'Arblay: in sum, a characteristic specimen of the family that made the name Burney a nest of scholars, wits, artists, writers and social ornaments for a century that paused, about 1850, to wonder at them. Dr. Johnson loved them. William Hazlitt praised them. Clearly, there is little to be done but to settle into our chairs beside a great fire, and to lend a willing ear to Mr. Manwaring's surprising discoveries.

The chief of these are some hitherto unpublished letters by "Mrs. Battle," no invention of Charles Lamb but the palpable and lawful wife of Admiral Burney, brother of Frances, the authoress of 'Evelina,' whom Mrs. Thrale introduced to Samuel Johnson, and who became eventually (in those happy days when the private patron of art and letters still had access to the Court) Second Keeper of the Robes—until the menial duties of that office led her to retire, very gracefully, upon a (very inadequate) pension. Now that such affronts are no longer offered even to authors, letters can be pursued in the quiet proper to their dignity. Mr. Manwaring, in the London Library, is more likely to delight the Muses than he would be if he had to become Gold Stick-in-Waiting, in spite of himself. A goose-quill in the hand of an author-librarian can outfly any stick, however gilt.

The evidence for this is the richness of this volume, wherein the letters of "Mrs. Battle" about Lamb and others, the adventures of the Admiral with Captain Cook upon his last two voyages, the (hitherto unpublished) record left by Burney of the incidents leading to the death of Cook himself, are the literary plums in a biography as interesting to the man of action as it will be to the scholar.

Like Clennell Wilkinson, the biographer of Nelson, Mr. Manwaring has a sturdy style, and his gift for narrative is seen in a quiet, ebbless tide of incident. He writes as if he had been to sea himself, as if, at least, his ideal holiday would be aboard a tramp, and a quiet use (here and there) of a technical term is like a snuff of sea-breeze to his opposite, a landlubber. To such a person (whose heaven will be a place where "there is no more sea"), arm-chair sailing can be very delightful; for the real waves, to such a one, are as the buffets of a drunken boxer, and bearable only as an excuse for chancies that can be sung or applauded in comfort only after an excellent dinner when the last decanter has been discreetly borne away. In the interludes of narrative the style has a pleasant eighteenth-century flavour, and the hundredth reader will relish those places where antithesis, like a late crocus, lifts its

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pointed petals above the garden-bed of the sober, honest text.

To have had Eugene Aram, the most famous usher-murderer known to have been loved by little boys, for schoolmaster; to have sailed round the world with Captain Cook; to have gone to sea at ten years old and to have remained a scholar, a geographer, a capable seaman withal; to have written not only valuable maritime records but to have been the author of an 'Essay on Whist'; to have become the friend of Lamb, was indeed to have made the best of both our present worlds: scholarship and action. Naval men, in truth, tend to be nearer to literature than most of the men in khaki; so there must be something sound about the sea, after all. No one, I fancy, has ever claimed the pen to be mightier than the rudder; though the pen has never feared the boldest rivalry from the sword. The rudder, probably, is not so boastful! Is the poetry of action, in the martial sense, peculiar to Poseidon; and is Mars, in fact, the deity of swagger? The Silent Service makes one think so, and naval manners, unlike military manners, are proverbially charming. Something of all this ability, charm, poetry of action, good humour and adventure flowed in the very veins of Admiral Burney, F.R.S. The author of this life has warmed to it, and, because so much cannot be condensed into any worthy summary, to try to give a taste of the admiral and of the book that he has inspired was all that could be done in little more than one column. Boys and old men, romantic girls and wise mothers; literary people, explorers, naval men who read about their calling, will severally find something to enjoy. When the next candidate for the James Tait Black prize for biography is due for consideration, the claims of this work should not be overlooked.

It is good news to hear from Messrs. B. T. Batsford, the publishers of Professor Seaby's series on the epochs of Art and their Influence, that Volumes III and IV, noticed last week, on Greek and on Roman Art are no conclusion, but to be followed by three further volumes on 'Romanesque and Gothic'; 'The Renaissance'; and 'Islamic, Chinese, Japanese, Maya and Peruvian Art.' Each volume, illustrated, costs 5s.

OSBERT BURDETT

REPUTATIONS REVISED

Foch. By B. H. Liddell Hart. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY, with insight and humour, perfected a method of giving background, life and colour to the life and history of historical personages. Unfortunately, in the ruder hands of Herr Emil Ludwig and his followers, the historical character-portrait has become a sensation slashed against a background of sunset, storm and sunrise. The recent rather playful revival of interest in Victoriana gave a further impetus to the school of background painters, who only needed a younger daughter's diary and a family photograph to paint a patronizing portrait of the times occupied by their heroine. The modern history book, riding in line with popularized science, medicine and economics, threatens to follow the same example. Legendary anecdote and one glance at the map are reproduced in Chapter I as "Jasper George Nathaniel (our hero's great grandfather) sipped his port and cognac looking westward towards the grey blue ridge which marked the distant frontier"—and we are never subsequently permitted to forget the influence on our hero of that generation-scanned frontier, if not of port and cognac.

Future undergraduates will thank Mr. Liddell Hart for dealing a decisive blow against the background painters. In his picture of Foch and the war, for which

Foch had, as it were, been born and trained, he overthrows the sentimental lookers-back on history and succeeds in giving events their vital actuality, yet combined with a hint of what everyone is thinking and doing on every front, home and foreign, at every phase of the war. There is no imaginative patronage and no shoddy reconstruction in his summary. His story is action seen through the sharp lens of criticism. His exposure is instantaneous and universal. "2,400 men of one brigade were mown down (at 1st Ypres) by machine-guns in enfilade—a higher cost than was paid the same day for the capture of the Gallipoli beaches."

If the ship of Mr. Liddell Hart's pen encounters no storm of teacup or typhoon, his palate remains throughout lively and unclouded. And if his metaphors tend on occasion to be as varied as above, no one can contest their force. "For the first time in the war (June, 1918) the German expenditure exceeded . . . at the half year the annual intake of youths arriving at the age of sacrifice. Moloch was still hungry and could not be fed. In revenge he would consume his own priests."

Mr. Liddell Hart is frequently at pains to deny any prejudice against Foch as military theorist and commander. The attempt is unnecessary, and no one, except Foch fanatics, will take offence at the innumerable wheels on which his reputation is broken. It is surely impossible, having once decided that a man is fundamentally wrong-headed, to approach each fresh example in an unbiased frame of mind. Recurrent phrases such as: "In fairness it should be added" (p. 69); "It is fair to add" (p. 130) indicate the light in which Foch's conduct comes to be examined. The mature decision of the author in no way impairs the vitality of his subject. The prophet, the preacher of "Attaquez! Attaquez toujours!" never becomes an intellectual puppet; and when praise is due, Foch gets as much and where it is justified.

The book throws strange light on the pre-war *Ecole de Guerre*, Foch's own metaphysical teaching, and the *idée fixe* of the Revanche, Plan XVII, which "rested on the sentimental assumption that Frenchmen were braver than Germans"—the sort of plan which the humblest poilu could have provided in return for a pint of *vin ordinaire*. If it is true that "Foch read history not to derive principles but to illustrate principles already in his mind," here is the keynote to pre-war French strategy. The Germans believed, indeed, in peace-time field manoeuvres. But a commander-in-chief, Waldersee, who was tactless enough to allow the Kaiser to be defeated, soon lost his job. On the whole, the difference between French and German military theory seems to have been the psychological reliance of the former on men, and the attention given by the latter to material. The general and depressing inference is the blind incapacity of almost every commander of note. French, Wilson, Joffre. . . . If French loses much of his reputation, it is in distinguished company.

A GENTLEMAN FARMER

Chances and Changes. By Lord Latymer. Blackwood. 10s. 6d.

LORD LATYMER is a gentleman-farmer, the fine product of the open country and the public school, who has done all the right things all his life, and has had no reward all his life for doing so. He has tried to make the best of England since the war, but has discovered that "the better you farm the more you lose." Two questions immediately arise: Is Lord Latymer's type worth keeping; and, if so, how is it to be done? Obviously tariffs answer the second question, but Lord Latymer's worth must be judged by each reader for himself.

He has given a plain, unvarnished account of his pleasant, hard-working, hard-hunting and healthy life until one feels that it is better to fail on the land with him than to succeed in the great trades of seducing voters or shareholders. His is a steady and pleasant compilation. He touches life in the devout atmosphere of Radley, rowing at Oxford in the 'nineties, hunting in the West country, and attempts to enter Parliament, a campaign in Gallipoli, a great deal about horses and a real challenge on the farming question. It is now obvious that England's last ditch is the land and that, unless a great part of the future food is made on the land, supplies from abroad will be insufficient to feed the country. Men like Lord Latymer will come into their own.

There is nothing brilliant, nothing exotic about this book. In places it is dull and humdrum, and yet the reader will not gladly put it down. Suddenly one realizes that it should have been called 'The Diary of a Hunting Man.' It is the reality of which Siegfried Sassoon wrote in his book of the name. Lord Latymer has shared in the pleasures and disappointments of the country gentleman and can express them in language which his fellows can understand. His rowing and hunting "shop" will appeal to devotees of either. He writes modestly, whether of his work in war or in peace. We feel he must be the best of good fellows and that he would die rather than not do the right thing. It is seldom he dares to let his emotion get away with him, but his last day at Radley is feelingly told: "For the last time I left my seat beneath the Warden stall as the clatter of wooden footstools broke out after the final prayer, to open the great door of Chapel for him. For the last time I bowed to him . . ."

The country life is well told, and when knowledge is provided it is sound. It is interesting that Lord Latymer confirms the fact that wild geese flying make the exact music of hounds running. This has accounted for several uncanny experiences in the past, including that of the huntsman who heard hounds running, on the day Queen Victoria died, where no hounds were. He gives us a proverb that can be translated to human kind. A good hunter often makes a sleepy hack.

Lord Latymer's war experiences were full of humour and of common sense coming to the rescue of War Office folly. He was sent with a mounted regiment to the banks of the Colne to face a German submarine. "What we were to do if we saw one was never satisfactorily explained." The truth was that the War Office hoped to convert yeomanry into horse-marines. The most valuable parts deal with farming. The book will not have been written in vain if it calls attention to the bitterly wrong state of affairs which has driven Lord Latymer from being an employer of forty happy, healthy people on the land to becoming the occupier of a little village house with no land. "It is a peaceful backwater. Our financial sails are now furled . . . the sawyard and the brickyard are empty and there are no woodmen or keepers in the woods. It really would seem as if the process of despoiling the wealthy did not do the less well-to-do any particular good."

SHANE LESLIE

A STUDY IN PATRIOTISM

Lord Cave: A Memoir. By Sir Charles Mallet. Murray. 15s.

THE subject of this book was far from being numbered among the great Lord Chancellors, and as a statesman he never attained to the first rank, but, nevertheless, it is fitting that his memory should be kept green among his fellow-countrymen. Cave was one of those men who gave their best to the service of the State, and if it would be ridiculous to mention him in the same breath with Disraeli, Salisbury, or Arthur Balfour,

he was the equal of "Old Morality," Stafford Northcote, and Walter Long; in short, he was one of those competent administrators of which the Conservative Party has always been particularly prolific, a fact which has ever constituted its chief claim to the support of the electorate.

Cave was a member of an old Liberal family, and it was Home Rule that drove him into the Conservative camp. Like many another man who has subsequently made good in the House of Commons, he had early experience, in Richmond, of local government work, while he achieved the reputation at the Bar of being a sound lawyer. Indeed, soundness rather than brilliance was the keynote of his career, and if there was none of F. E. Smith's fireworks in his opposition to the Licensing Bill, there was a great deal of constructive criticism that was probably more effective. During the war, too, when he held a variety of posts, he displayed a moderation that was in marked contrast with the hysteria that generally prevailed during that period, and it stood him in good stead at the time of the police strike when he was Home Secretary.

At the same time, it cannot be denied that Cave was lucky. If the Coalition had not broken up in the way, and at the time, it did, he would never have reached the Woolsack. The famous Carlton Club meeting was the making of the second-rate, and Cave was probably better entitled on his merits to the rewards that came his way than were some of the others who attained the seats of the mighty as a result of that meeting. In due course, too, he became Chancellor of Oxford University, and his good sense was never better displayed than when he stood against Asquith in spite of the efforts of the more weak-kneed members of his own party to persuade him not to allow his name to go forward. In fine, Cave was the sort of man whom the country can ill spare, and it will be a bad day for England when the Cabinet no longer contains a few specimens of his type to counterbalance their more exuberant colleagues.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Arthur Conan Doyle. By John Lamond. Murray. 10s. 6d.

THE man in the street is not always wrong, though he may be incapable of explaining his preferences. The subject of this memoir had many claims on that person, and nearly half of it urges the spiritualistic one. It may be that a more discerning age will realize Sir Arthur as the British doyen of a thought-movement which, his first biographer tells us, arose from an occurrence in a house at Hydesville, U.S.A., in 1848; but a public not yet wholly vanished, a public for which he never wholly ceased to write, persists in esteeming him as the best writer of the modern short detective story, and the creator of two characters (three, if we admit Lestrade) now household words, and familiar to some juveniles to whom Sam Weller is a stranger. And, whatever be the truth about Spiritualism, this is both natural and right; for not a few men could have accomplished the first feat, while none but he could, and did, accomplish the other. It is the individual feat that wins fame. Edward Lear was a first-rate water-colourist; but it is the nonsense that we love.

Conan Doyle's attitude to letters was that of a versatile fighter; he never forgot the public's existence for a moment, even when espousing an unpopular cause. He always wrote lucidly, and without affectation. Messy writing, e.g., "that strange wandering thinking mist" (this in a novel that has won a literary prize!) was not in his line. His ideas and clauses follow one another with the clean movement of a boxer. He may have lacked distinction, but never

distinctness. I have just reread his first long book, 'The Firm of Girdlestone.' It is no great shakes, Le Fanu at secondhand, even to the sanctimonious arch-villain and the wrong woman murdered at the end; but it reveals not a little. The young doctor, who did his own cooking and swept his own doorstep at Southsea, has already got a hint (in Chap. III) for Sherlock Holmes's landlady and (in Chap. XXVIII) for the blowpipe in 'The Sign of Four.' But what makes this early effort remarkable is the sheer delight in physical effort, the sparring Edinburgh students, the football match, the swashbuckling diamond-seekers, the wreck, and the young man kicking the dog and bringing down his heel on his old father's hand. Sensationalism, of course, but done with real relish and gusto. It is this quality, more than any other, that keeps the Holmes saga fresh when the methods have long ceased to surprise. Who can forget John Clay's arrest in 'The Red-headed League' or (a late example, but equally telling) the mock fire in 'The Norwood Builder'?

Now we must see if we can find this witness for you, Lestrade. Might I ask you all to join in the cry of "Fire"? Now, then: one, two, three—

To the person who objects that this sort of presentation is not done, there is but one reply: "Try to do it yourself!" In the best of these yarns there is a taut acerbity, which Doyle must have learnt from Poe; he cannot have found just that in Gaboriau or Wilkie Collins.

Doyle worked best, even in detective fiction, on a small canvas. With one exception, his longer books do not hold us. 'The Lost World' is Mr. Wells's province; that odd affair, 'A Duet,' Sir James Barrie's. Stanley Weyman managed the historical romance with less fustian. When 'The White Company' came out THE SATURDAY said: "The book is a good book, and will be devoured with eagerness by all healthy-minded Britons who love adventure." *The Times* said: "It is real literature. It ought to succeed"; and to-day we can see that this was another way of saying the same thing. I do not think this book, or 'Sir Nigel' (his favourite), or 'Micah Clarke,' or even the 'Brigadier' series (short stories again), has the vitality of 'Rodney Stone.' Rodney is Doyle, Doyle the fighter; it is his real self-portrait; Holmes, as we know, was Dr. Joseph Bell; and Watson dropped clean from heaven. There is more Englishry in his romance of pugilism than in all his slap-your-thigh lyrics or his history of the war.

Mr. Lamond's memoir, which has a special value for those interested in a loyal wife's appreciation of her husband, as containing Lady Doyle's epilogue, concentrates too little on those early struggles so dear to posterity. These, as Mr. George Arliss's autobiography has taught us, can be made of enduring value, and it is to be regretted that in 'Memories and Adventures' Sir Arthur himself did not think fit to give us more of them, hard as it would have been to improve on that very human document, 'The Stark Munro Letters.' As it is, on p. 27 we have reached 1886 and 'A Study in Scarlet.' One must bear in mind the writer's point of view; he is mainly concerned in showing that his subject's interest in Spiritualism was not a sudden awakening or a late development, and he proves that it existed as early as the Southsea period, when General Grayson was one of Doyle's patients. It is, *par parenthèse*, just in a character of this sort, a matter-of-fact, agnostic propagandist fighter, of keen physical vitality, that one looks for a complex of occultism, when the philosophic temperament and indifference are away. Learning, as we do now, that Doyle was educated at Stonyhurst, and that his father (the brother of "Dicky" Doyle) was a strict Roman Catholic, the case seems almost typical

of what must happen when such an adventurous soul is early released from a formal religious upbringing.

Plenty of instances are given of this author's perseverance and hardihood, but none more eloquent or delightful than the ill-spelt schoolboy letter of his brother ("We have vaxenated a baby and got hold of a man with consumption," etc.) on p. 20. If more of these are in existence, they should most certainly be given to the world; for, in their artless way, they will interpret better than any "life" the not uninteresting spectacle of a popular figure struggling to find his real vocation.

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF SCIENCE

World Chaos. By William McDougall. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

WELL may the spectacle of the world to-day appal the scientist! Accustomed to the contemplation of a rational universe of inexorable law and order, he is not unjustly distressed at the uses to which he sees man is turning his discoveries. He views with alarm a civilization which, in spite of pacific protestations, continues to indulge in an orgy of crazy expenditure upon armaments and lethal gases. He is concerned that it should choose to crucify itself upon a cross of gold rather than abandon a barbaric monetary policy. And he is obviously perplexed that while cotton and coffee and wheat are being burnt in America because of "over-production," in China and elsewhere millions of people are even now living on the verge of starvation. Not unnaturally does the scientist pause and wonder at this tragi-comedy of civilization; for it is the physical sciences themselves that are directly responsible for the present world-wide economic crisis and threatening chaos. Yet, as Professor McDougall himself admits, the only remedy is more science, more knowledge systematically organized; it is in "the development of the neglected social sciences," biology, psychology, economics, and especially anthropology, that "our only hope of remedy" lies.

This is the theme of 'World Chaos,' in which Professor McDougall looks at the "present discontents" from the point of view of the psychologist—an excellent idea. But unfortunately it is a slight and disappointing little volume: slight, when considered in relation to the magnitude of the subject; disappointing, if one recalls the author's previous works.

The main substance of the book, we are informed, was delivered in the form of a lecture, to which a number of passages "illustrating and enforcing the very concisely stated propositions of the lecture" have been added. Unfortunately, however, these additions have not made for clarity; they bear all too plainly the signs of hasty writing. Moreover, the book fairly groans under a spate of quotations. Every kind of person, from the late Duke of Northumberland to President Hoover, is quoted in its 119 pages. Opening the volume at page 86, we find quotations from Mr. G. T. Flynn, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and—of all people!—Mr. T. S. Eliot on international finance. A little further on Mr. Gerard Swope is cited on the moral effects of unemployment (pp. 93-94), following which we are given Mr. Vogel's reflections on the psychology of economists (pp. 95-96). Pages 98-103 are littered with quotations from Dr. Othmar Spann, "the philosophic historian of economic thought"; while, a little later, Mr. A. E. Mowrer is quoted, and Mr. Mowrer in his turn cites Lord Bryce's 'Modern Democracies' and expounds Umano's political gospel.

It has only to be added that the book contains some good suggestions, notably the proposal of the maintenance of an international air force with strict limitation of national air forces (p. 42), while every one of the 120 odd pages reveals the writer's desperate sincerity.

GIOTTO TRANSLATED

Giotto, The Legend of St. Francis. The Assisi Frescoes faithfully copied by Edith M. Coyles with a Foreword by G. K. Chesterton. Dent. 42s.

AS civilization grows more complicated, speedier and noisier, the longing for the simple and the primitive becomes more urgent and intense on the part of the few who can find no happiness in science and mechanics. To travel through the air at the speed of a projectile is not everybody's idea of triumph, for speed destroys the joys of wonder and contemplation.

The modern primitives in art are therefore both right and wrong in their attitude, right because they want to escape from a perilous civilization, wrong because they cannot honestly escape the influences of their time. In an age of realism, how shall we revert to archaic Egypt, symbolical Byzantium, or the Christianity of St. Francis? Let us enjoy and appreciate all these movements according to their time, and not strive to resurrect them, and actually call them modern, as many artists do.

St. Francis and Giotto are two great figures in religion and art, and whether we regard them as the culmination of the Christian ideal and Byzantine art, or as the dawn of humanism and the Renaissance is a matter of temperament. They stand midway between old Rome and new Babylon, two immortal consolers to those who can enter the mystic world without losing their way in the practical world.

It is something that we have at last learnt to understand the great importance of Giotto as a painter, to realize that his work, compared with that of the Italian decadence, is like the spring as contrasted with the autumn. Nor is it surprising that we had to wait until Ruskin assured us, seeing that art knowledge, with the exception of Vasari, is a comparatively recent branch of learning.

Much has been written, perhaps too much, about St. Francis and Giotto in modern times. As Mr. G. K. Chesterton says, in his admirable and illuminating foreword to Miss Cowles's interpretations of the Legend at Assisi, the Saint has become a drawing-room cult. When religion and art are used fashionably to divert the absent-minded and the happily leisured they lose their authority. Herein is the futility of Christianity and some aspects of painting to-day, but Miss Cowles is not among those idle pilgrims who motor to Assisi because they have nothing better to do than to wile away a curious hour. Having made a close study of the original frescoes, she has interpreted them with simple reverence, and by a deft use of her medium gives the impression of the original fresco. Particularly beautiful is her use of blues in their many varieties. Here is an artist who has devoted a rare intelligence to a splendid theme, and though her work is a translation, it is none the less a creative effort of permanent value.

ADRIAN BURY

CURRENCY

This Gold Crisis. By F. W. Pethick-Lawrence. Gollancz. 3s. 6d.

The Gold Standard. By R. G. Hawtrey. Longmans (reissued). 3s.

WHEN currency matters are deemed of urgent public interest, it is natural for an ex-Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, and the head of the Currency Department of the Treasury, Mr. Hawtrey, to offer explanations of the working of international exchange. The latter, in his easily read book, first issued in 1927, champions the Quantity theory of Money and, therefore, our 1925-31

peculiar "Gold bullion standard," which permitted the foreigner but denied the Englishman free circulation of gold coins. The recent fall in exchange value of the £ by 4s. measures in money the hidden premium against exports and bounty on imports which our trade endured for six years. This currency error should never be repeated.

Mr. Pethick-Lawrence remains, of course, a Socialist politician, and his over-simplified account of recent events betrays his bias. It is so easy, and, in some circles, common form to abuse "the bankers." But any new Central Bank in England will still have to safeguard our exchange (p. 48), for so much of our trade is international. On pp. 52-53, 121-22, 156 one notices the hand of the propagandist. The policy of the Bank of England is sound finance: that is based on confidence: that presupposes independence. On page 221 he says that "deflation was the act of the bankers." But his own party in 1923-24 acquiesced! The most informative items, on which the author is to be congratulated for candour, are his veiled approval (p. 180) of the formation of the National Government in August and his utter rejection (p. 230) of present Socialist scares of early, nationally burdensome, rising prices through our abandonment of the gold standard. It is unlikely in the extreme, however, that the author's Socialist panacea of a "politically managed currency" will ever come about. The £ then would indeed fall to 1s.!

MURDERS AND GHOSTS

Great Murder Mysteries. By Guy B. H. Logan. Stanley Paul. 18s.

When Churchyards Yawn. Compiled by Cynthia Asquith. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THE cry is still "They come." This time it is Mr. Logan's compilation of murders; and now, apparently, a murder cannot be allowed to rest six months before it is ripe for rehashing, so feverish is the desire to be first with the second news. Mrs. Wallace was murdered on January 20, 1931, and already Mr. Logan is busy; the feelings of Mr. Wallace, the husband of the wretched woman, who was recently acquitted, are, of course, of no great importance. However, better some new corpse than one which has been handled so much that one is in danger of thinking oneself the murderer. In this book the title of the 'Camden Town Mystery' ushers in the too familiar body as well as the puerile Mr. Wood, with his talent for drawing, and 'The Rising Sun,' with its queer customers; I confess I am heartily tired of the fate of Miss Dimmock. Fifteen murders fill these pages and one or two of the American ones will probably be unfamiliar to bloodthirsty readers. The coping-stone, as it were, is the picture of Ruth Snyder being electrocuted and the best account is that of the ingenious Mr. Schwartz, who in California, in 1925, certainly tried hard enough not to make a mistake.

It is not a very far cry from murders to ghosts, though in none of the fifteen original ghost stories which have been compiled by Cynthia Asquith does murder rear its ugly head. The collection is a good one and all the stories make their particular appeal, but considering the team at the compiler's disposal, the result should have been better. The big guns don't make the explosions which they should, and two stories which have been written by two writers whose names do not figure on the cover are the best. The first of these, which is a reprint, is by Mary O'Malley, entitled 'The Buick Saloon'; and the second is an old tale of the Western Isles, called 'The Horns of the Bull,' recounted by Mr. W. S. Morrison, M.P. Of the rest, Cynthia Asquith's own contribution, 'God Grante that she lye Stille,' has much to recommend it.

31 October 1931

CENSORED CELEBRITIES

Vacant Thrones. By Sir Ian Malcolm. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

THIS is a pleasantly written volume of essays on the leading Parliamentarians of the last years of the nineteenth, and the first decade of the present, century. The author makes no attempt to assess the relative importance of those with whom he deals, and he only concerns himself with their characters, not with their politics; and the result is a book which, if it adds little to what is already known, should serve to keep green the memory of some who might otherwise have been forgotten.

The best study is undoubtedly that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Sir Ian Malcolm traces the development of his character from the man who was "far more conversant with French yellow-backed novels than with British Blue-books" to the Prime Minister who was so successful in countering the centrifugal tendencies prevalent among his heterogeneous following. The late Marquess of Salisbury is also finely drawn, and the author succeeds in conveying to the reader something of the awe with which he was regarded by his contemporaries. With Lord Balfour he is not so happy, and he attempts no explanation of the two great failures of A. J. B.'s career, namely, his leadership of the Opposition between 1906 and 1911, and his encouragement of the Greek invasion of Asia Minor. The shorter sketches vary a good deal, and the best are those of Walter Long and John Redmond.

There are several good stories to be found in these pages, and among them one of the few witticisms with which the late Lord Oxford is credited:

One night, during the Tariff Reform controversy, we were promised a full-dress debate; but when it was opened neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Chamberlain were in their places, an opportunity which Asquith used for remarking that this discussion was as vain as a performance of 'Hamlet' without the Prince of Denmark or the Ghost, though he would not presume to allocate the parts.

Of Tim Healy there are, as one might expect, two or three *mots*, which most readers will not have heard before. On one occasion during the South African War he inquired as to the number of horses and mules transported from England, and having received the necessary information, he asked innocently, "And how many asses?" On another occasion, during a debate on some Franchise Bill, he interrupted a member who had just informed the House that he represented a very dense constituency with the remark, "A clear case of natural selection."

To those who wish to know something of the lighter side of Parliamentary life, Sir Ian Malcolm's book can be thoroughly recommended.

FROM "SPITAL" TO "SPIKE"

The Tramp: His Meaning and Being. By Frank Gray. Dent. 7s. 6d.

VAGRANCY is one of the problems that remain discussed and unsolved. In the past twenty-five years we have had a Departmental Committee, followed by a Royal Commission, and yet another Departmental Committee (1917). In 1929 the Minister of Health set up a Committee to deal with the casual ward and its patrons. The Local Government Act of 1929 has improved conditions, and marked another stage in the history of the vagrant, who has been in turn "relieved" by the religious houses, the parish, a

union of parishes, and the County and County Borough Authorities. One of the tramp's best friends is Mr. Frank Gray, lately Member for Oxford. He has taken the road, visited the best and worst of the "spikes," helped lads off the highways and made useful citizens of them. His conclusions are set out at the end of a remarkably readable book, in which he urges that the problem of the vagrant be recognized as a national and not a local one, that tramps be medically examined, classified, registered, given better food and lodging, forced to work and made subject to imprisonment for habitual vagrancy, boys to have special treatment and be provided with a suitable task.

The nation's treatment of its outcasts gives our history a very black page. The stocks, the red-hot brand, the whip, transportation, slavery, death—the record is a terrible one, and it leads to Headington casual ward—"this black hole . . . this horror of filth and indecency," closed lately by sanction from Whitehall. Apparently the cheer of the casual ward is limited to bread, margarine, cheese, cocoa and porridge. In prison, on the other hand, a man may look to receive for dinner two ounces of bread, twelve ounces of potatoes and a good dish of roast meat or stew, meat pie or pudding. Nine ounces of fresh beef or mutton may accompany the vegetables and bread, and there is a constant change. The result is that many tramps who are reduced to the semi-starvation of the "spike," commit an offence that will take them to prison, where they will have clean housing and sanitary conditions. Our prisons are more comfortable, or, let us say, less uncomfortable than our casual wards. Mr. Gray's denunciation of such wards as the one conducted by the Headington Guardians is strong, but not too strong.

Is it fair to your best friend to make him your Executor? The duties are onerous, and usually thankless; the responsibilities are great and the penalties for neglect are severe. Moreover, he may die, and the expense of appointing his successor is considerable. On the other hand, if you appoint the Westminster Bank instead, the fees (which are paid out of your estate) will probably be only a fraction of the legacy which you would have left to a private trustee

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SHORTER NOTICES

Gallant Gentlemen. By E. Keble Chatterton. Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d.

MR. CHATTERTON'S sea-stories never fail to interest, and there have been no better accounts than his of the part played by our seamen, whether of the navy or mercantile marine, in the Great War. In his present book he deals with the incident of the *Goeben*, with the abortive experiments of the dummy fleet, with Coronel and the Falklands, with the dash of our motor-boats into Kronstadt, and with other high adventures and ingenious camouflages of the war-time. Perhaps because he is writing for a popular audience Mr. Chatterton becomes at times a little too flamboyant, especially when writing of Coronel and the Falklands. However, his story of the *Kent's* long chase of the *Nürnberg* is a fine yarn of the sea, and a little undue complacency over a battle that was a foregone conclusion before it started may be forgiven him.

Unorthodox Reminiscences. By Sir George Turner. Murray. 15s.

WHY Sir George Turner called his reminiscences unorthodox is not very clear. They are, at any rate, lively and entertaining, and generally critical, which is an agreeable change after a surfeit of suppression disguised as amiability. His story of his schooldays is one of the best we have ever read, particularly good being his outspoken description of Uppingham under Thring. He is able to confute the prophecies of his pastors and masters by pointing to his early and continued success in his own profession, and to put his finger unerringly on the weak spots of Thring's violent and unreasoning methods, while doing justice to the man's essential greatness. Sir George is so far unorthodox that he has never suffered fools gladly nor injustice without rapid and fierce rebellion; hence his story is full of exhilarating moments. He has met many famous people, and has known all the notables in his own profession; his description of St. George's, the hospital where he was trained and to which he devoted the best years of his life, is the story of surgery as it advanced from the old septic day, through the anti-septic era of Lister, to the aseptic triumphs of the present day. A most entertaining book.

Initiations and Initiates in Tibet. By Alexandra David-Neel. Rider. 12s. 6d.

IT was easy to praise Mrs. David-Neel's book 'With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet,' for she brought life and movement to her pages and revealed an unfamiliar world in action. In her latest work, 'Initiations and Initiates in Tibet,' she suffers the double disadvantage of handling a recondite subject through the medium of a translation. Mr. Rothwell's rendering may be faithful, but it conveys no charm, and many of the facts, or statements of fact, with which the work is overloaded, are as digestible as Stonehenge to the average Western reader. We know that the "path of extension" is followed throughout Tibet and that men follow certain ways of life for health, fortune, fame, power or longevity. We know, too, that many of their practices, if not controlled by a competent master, lead to insanity and death. Mrs. David-Neel tells us of some of the exercises and a few of the practices, but she does not testify to their efficacy, and is too much concerned with details and variations and the modes of different schools to make her material attractive to the general reader. The precepts of the Master Tagpo Lhadje, set out at the end of the book, provide the most interesting chapter, but it may be said without injustice that Mrs. David-Neel, while collecting a mass of notes valuable to students, has proved unable on this occasion to supply the touch that trans-

forms raw material and produces the readable book. Perhaps she would have done well to seek the aid of one of the initiates, both for herself and the translator. Her comparative failure to hold attention does not affect the fact that on Tibetan matters she is probably one of the best informed writers in the world to-day.

The Life of a Mogul Princess. By Andrea Butenschön. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THIS charming story purports to be the translation of an autobiographical manuscript, in Persian, written by Jahanara Begam, daughter of Shah Jahan, the builder of the Taj Mahal, during the period towards the close of his reign when his sons Dara Shakoh and Aurangzeb were fighting for the succession, and that later time, when Aurangzeb having murdered his brother and imprisoned his father, to whom Jahanara clung, ascended the Mogul throne. We see this dynastic quarrel from the inside, as it affected those loyal to Shah Jahan and Dara, his favourite son; and are made to feel as Jahanara herself felt towards the evil and hypocritical Aurangzeb. In addition we have the story of the Princess's hopeless passion for a Hindu chieftain, whom she, daughter of the Mogul Emperor, had no hope of marrying. Madame Butenschön has caught in her narrative the very spirit of the time in India, and the book deserves the praise which Mr. Laurence Binyon bestows upon it in the preface he contributes. The illustrations, of which there are many, are mainly beautiful black-and-white reproductions of contemporary Rajput and Mogul miniatures.

James Clerk Maxwell, 1831-1931. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

AFTER Faraday, James Clerk Maxwell. Contrast between the two scientists is inevitable, for Clerk Maxwell was born in the very year that Faraday made his tremendous discovery of the fact of electromagnetic induction. But there were profound differences in the methods of the two men. Faraday was above all things an experimenter; he was no mathematician, whereas the name of Clerk Maxwell will ever be associated primarily with his mathematical explanation of the electro-magnetic theory of light.

This little book consists of ten essays written by the great physicists of to-day in his honour. Sir J. J. Thomson provides an introductory sketch and other distinguished contributors include Planck, Larmor, Jeans, Fleming and Lodge. But perhaps the greatest tribute of all comes from Einstein. "Before Maxwell," he writes, "Physical Reality was thought of as consisting of material particles. . . . Since Maxwell's time Physical Reality has been thought of as represented by continuous fields. . . . This change in the conception of Reality is the most profound and the most fruitful that Physics has experienced since the time of Newton."

The Background of International Relations. By C. Hodges. Chapman and Hall. 21s.

THIS book of seven hundred pages, written by a professor of an American University, contains little that is new, or that might not have been said a good deal more briefly. There are some extraordinarily useful maps, but unfortunately they are almost all too small to be of any real value, for it is impossible to decipher them without the aid of a magnifying glass. The American student has the reputation of possessing an inordinate thirst for information, but one imagines that Professor Hodges will assuage it very satisfactorily, while the English reader is unlikely to get beyond the first twenty pages. In short, one lays the book down to wonder why the sheets were imported into this country at all.

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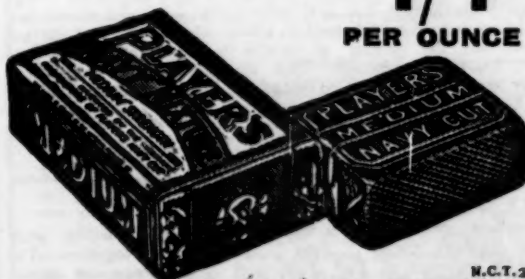
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SATURDAY COMPETITIONS

LITERARY—LVI

The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a Prize of Two Guineas for the best Poem, in not more than 30 lines, describing the emotions experienced by the Recording Angel during a General Election.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. The entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent number.

The closing date of this competition will be Monday, November 16, and the result will be announced in December.

RESULT OF COMPETITION L

JUDGES' REPORT

The invitation to readers to give us their ideas of the "foundations of England" produced entries from all parts of England and Wales; and many and varied were the assertions submitted. According to A. G., England's greatness has depended upon the Bible and the Sword. "With the one under the left arm, and the other in his right hand, the Englishman . . . has gone forth . . . on his self-appointed mission." While Tigliath Pileser suggests that the old English Sunday was the price of Jamaica and Canada, no wonder they allow us Imperial Preference! Others, again, looked to her foundations in her "abysmal ignorance" of things artistic, her fogs and her musical comedies. Taurusina, Edie, Porcepic, Octo, Animula Vagula, and Bluebird all submitted interesting essays. But the first prize must go to Homalós Anómalos (who sent neither name nor address), whose contribution is by far the most scientific and the most complete in its analysis. Freelance receives second prize.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF ENGLAND

Success among nations is almost indefinable, and there is no common standard which can be universally applied. But if we assume that power and prominence are synonyms of success, we can admit that England has achieved both and for a multitude of reasons.

Above all, geo-political conditions have been preponderant. The institutions of most nations are often examples of the resultants of many forces, and the history of England has been written by France and Spain as much as by herself. The discovery of America in 1492 made England a world centre; and the fall of Spain was the basis of England's arrival.

The greatness of France is a further factor, for, if England had had no powerful and dangerous neighbour, she would never have developed into a world power.

The fact that England is an island has had incalculable influence in controlling her destiny. An island is a self-contained whole, and it is impossible for the inhabitants thereof not to feel a national unity long before Continental peoples have developed their super-sense of patriotism. Nor is the sea itself a negligible factor. Its presence acts both physically and psychologically, and the spirit of adventure comes directly from it. Lastly, the English climate has produced an over-development of the will power as compared with intellectual qualities, for to live in such a climate as ours taxes the practical stamina of a nation and leaves no time for a clear philosophical *Anschauung*.

HOMALÓS ANÓMALOS

RESULT OF COMPETITION XLIX

ELEGY ON CHARING CROSS BRIDGE

JUDGE'S REPORT

The proposal that readers of this REVIEW should write elegies on the destruction of Charing Cross Bridge, and write as though they themselves were directors of the Southern Railway, scared all except the very boldest. Whether it was the actual bridge or its contemplated and now indefinitely postponed demolition, or the notion of a directorship which silenced them, I do not know, but the number of entries for this competition was much below the average. That the trouble may have been partly due to our threat to penalize certain parodists is hinted by A. G., who writes:

I may not emulate the poet Gray,
Nor to his rhymes my doleful story croon;
Well—who the devil shall direct my lay,
When he who pays the piper, calls the tune?

Anyhow, while I have a word to say about it, nobody shall with impunity rhyme "croon" and "tune" together. The prize is awarded to Puff Puff, and compliments are offered to Lamsilon and Blue Bird for their verses.

THE WINNING ENTRY

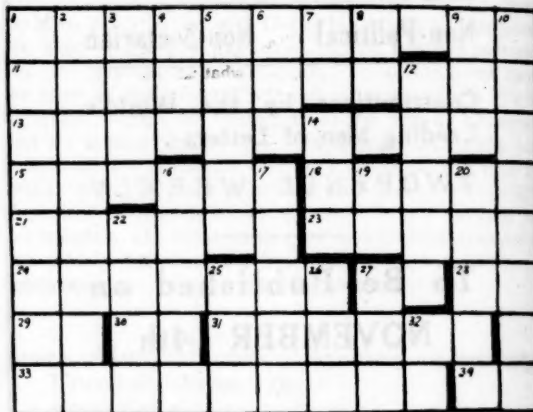
Let Mammon hold his deadly sway o'er baser minds,
My soul a subtle joy in mortar finds,
In stones, the graceful arch, those iron rails above,
That some would break in pieces, yea, my love,
And cast thy steps in heaps where no man ever goes,
Those steps that carry countless human woes.
O Jove! the god of echo's thunder 'neath my bridge,
Eclipse those minds (like I destroy a midge)
Who tamper with th' egregious past; oh wicked tricks,
Away with them, across the evil Styx.
Then, at life's end, I'd die in London's central spot,
A railway servant, happy in his lot.

PUFF PUFF

CROSS WORD—XXXIX

SCIENCES "DE-OLOGIZED"

By MOPO



CLUES.

1a, 3, 14, 20, and 33:—Sciences lacking science.

Key to above:—"Your *Metaphysics* call to aid
And seek in *Rocks* the *Footprints* made
By *Shrimps* and *Lobsters* on parade
Whilst *Bathing*."

Across.

11. So as to give spirit to.
13. This wheel was much employed during the war.
15. How stout Glo'ster stood. 18. Washerwoman.
21. One of those that the boatswain thought cared not for the name of king.
23. Perdita had grown in grace this with wondering.
24. Primeval. 27. See 26.
28. A gambling house after 32 rev.
29. Add 7 unless you want before to make it legal.
30. Wrote about 'Owd Bob.' 31. Sleep that is past.
34. Augment this with 32 rev.

Down.

1. Pop. 2. Mystical. 4 and 8 rev. Catkin.
5. Alluvial land in Scotland.
6. I tell you what to do with me.
7. See 29. 9. A Roman wing. 10. Slavonic alphabet.
12. Sulk. 16. Atmospheric element. 17. Drag.
19. Despatches often come from here. 22. Waiting-maid.
24. I'll be with all my teeth alike if you dont me.
26. Plus 27a next. 27. A little strait surrounding 5.
32. See 34.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD 38

Across.—Scapuli, Belo, Pyro, Necro, In, Olent, Tholus, Diatom, Ebion, : Oneiro, Ida, Ky, Odin, Marines, Orra, Ebon, Ite, Lial, Niggard, Oc, Cottongin, Na, Kneepan, Te, Gleds, Gae.

Down.—Spodo, Cylindrical, Area, Eirack, Pontinal, One, Untormented, Let, Moabites, Cheiro, Goph, Brobdingnag, Eolian, Agna, Li, Oke, Trite, On, Sny, Sed, Er.

NOTES

Across.—14 and 25, Dinky=dainty; 20, Ebionite; 24, Ida=happy; 26, Nidorose; 33, Belial; 34, Hamlet, III, 1; 44, Anag="sledge"; 45, Anag. of "age."

Down.—5, "Tempest," II. 2, "Do not torment me"; 9 and 10, I 'Henry IV,' I, 3. I Kings ii. 33; 28, Cosed, and Sedan; 35, Gopher; 36, Agnate.

RESULT OF CROSS WORD 38

The winner is Lieut.-Commander A. D. Grant, R.N., 85/4, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.11, who has chosen for his prize 'Which Way,' by Theodora Benson (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.). Several competitors failed to recognize the quotation in clue 8 and 9 Down.

ACROSTIC—500

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, November 5)

THE TREES THAT IN US GROW YIELD WHOLESOME FOOD
FOR MAN AND FOR HIS PREY,—THE BRISTLY BROOD.
(IN EUROPE'S SOUTHERN PART MY FIRST IS FOUND,
MY SECOND IN MORE NORTHERN CLIMES ABOUND.)

1. Of Christian Rome the burial-caves curtail.
2. Jack Tar, if asked, will dance it without fail.
3. To put up higher—raise above the rest.
4. Good master Cobweb's not now thought the best.
5. Auld-Reekie's Newgate—numbered with the dead.
6. Fit place for me is just below your head.
7. Clip at both ends a sheep—but kill it first.
8. He has the wherewithal to quench your thirst.
9. To this the burdened Pilgrim made his way.
10. Proud. ("Troilus and Cressida," a Play.)
11. Adornment, which conceals what all men bear.
12. Our last Light's noxious, therefore have a care.

Solution of Acrostic No. 498

S hro Pshire
Opera-glass
can Ard
G ir L
O fscu M
F amulu S¹
S alv O
O Ften
Li mite D
co At
M usco Vite
O cean Ic
N ee D²

¹ The assistant of a magician.
² "Sir William of Deloraine, good at need." *Marmion.*

ACROSTIC No. 498.—The winner is "Shorwell," Mr. G. K. Paley, 9 Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who has selected as his prize 'Emperor and Mystic: The Life of Alexander I of Russia,' by Francis Gribble, published by Nash and Grayson, and reviewed by us on October 17 under the title of 'Chronique Scandaleuse.' Fourteen other competitors named this book, thirteen chose 'All in a Lifetime,' ten 'A Book of Man-Eaters,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., E. Barrett, Bimbo, Bobs, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, C. C. J., J. Chambers, Farsdon, E. J. Fincham, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Mrs. Lole, Madge, Peter, Rand, Shrub, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, Barberry, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, Clam, Maud Crowther, Estela, Gay, T. Hartland, Junius, Lilian, Martha, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, F. M. Petty, Sisyphus, Tyro.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., Rabbits, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson. All others more.

Light 6 baffled 15 solvers; Light 5, 7; Light 13, 5; Lights 2 and 11, 3; Light 4, 2; Lights 3, 9 and 12, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 496.—One Light Wrong: Penelope.

ACROSTIC No. 497.—Correct: Cyril E. Ford. One Light Wrong: A. de V. Blathwayt.

JUNIUS.—Slips in spelling are not penalized unless they make the solver's meaning doubtful.

Mrs. V. G. WILSON and Mrs. CURRY.—By Curtailing we mean, cutting off the last letter of a word, never more than one letter.

OUR THIRTY-SEVENTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are leading after the Sixth Round:—No Lights Wrong: A. E., Bobs, Boskerris, Fossil. One Light Wrong: Carlton, Clam, Madge, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus. Two Lights Wrong: E. Barrett, Miss Carter. Three Lights Wrong: Bertram R. Carter, Estela, Farsdon, Gay, Peter, Tyro. Four Lights Wrong: Maud Crowther, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

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CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday

Now that the Election is over, the country has to settle down to hard work and hard thinking in order that the promises of the hustings may be translated into solid performance. We have balanced the Budget by heroic "cuts" and higher taxation—and that is a vital step in the right direction—but even the Budget is by no means yet done with. Taxation is still too high; spending must be reduced; prodigality must be replaced by frugality until we are assured by unequivocal signs of prosperity that we can afford to launch out into increased expenditure. The depreciation of the £ sterling gives an advantage to this country in its export trade, but this will prove a mere flash in the pan unless we use it wisely. It should come as a welcome relief to manufacturers who have been reduced to sore financial straits by the long depression. The relief it affords, however, should be carefully conserved, and, what is still more important, it should be used to put manufacturing methods and costs on a more competitive footing.

INDUSTRIAL ADAPTABILITY

In selecting industrial shares for investment the investor should continue to pay due attention to the adaptability of companies to the world's changing needs. There has been a world-wide movement from high-priced and lasting goods to low-priced goods of shorter life. This particularly hits many British industries that have been world-famous in the past for high-class products of long-wearing quality. Many a British housewife has, however, been wooed from the policy of "best is cheapest" by the amazingly low-priced goods displayed in mass by the cheap multiple shops. It remains to be seen whether this change is permanent among the more highly developed nations. During a period of unexampled progress in methods of manufacture, it may well be that the cheaper and more temporary goods will find a readier market. In less-developed countries the cheap article undoubtedly finds the readier market, and when demand recovers in those countries, the manufacturers that can supply the acceptable kind of goods will obviously secure the trade. It is an important point for the investor to bear in mind.

TURN FOR PRIOR CHARGES

Reports from many industrial centres go to show that since we were forced off the gold standard—indeed, as an immediate result of it—trade has improved, and that some of our basic industries, such as coal, textiles and the like, are showing signs of greater activity. This is reflected in the sharp upward movement that has recently taken place in "equity" shares, and the investor who followed my advice of a month ago should be more than satisfied with the profit that is staring him in the face to-day. Prices of Home Railway Ordinary stocks and the shares of many industrial companies have reached a level which appears to discount any improvement in dividends that can reasonably be expected within the next year or two. On the other hand, the prior charge securities in the same class appear to have been overlooked, and it is not unreasonable to anticipate that with any setback in the rise in "equity" shares, public attention will be directed towards sound debenture issues and well-secured preference shares. Many of these are standing at

attractive figures, and provided discrimination is used, the careful investor can find sound securities which not only give a handsome immediate return, but provide a suitable medium for capital appreciation in course of time.

NEW ISSUES EXPECTED

It may not be necessary for the Stock Exchange ban on speculative dealing to be imposed much longer. The regulations at present in force are hampering business considerably, and may prove in some instances a danger rather than a safeguard. There is no sign yet of any recrudescence of the disastrous market "rigs" of the 1928-9 boom engineered by unscrupulous share pushers, who were driven by the company legislation of 1928 to turn their attention to shares that had a Stock Exchange market. But if these nefarious people should resume their operations, the restriction of business to cash dealings might easily facilitate their work by preventing the corrective of bear selling. Now that the new Parliament has been elected, we shall probably see a few new capital issues. The investing public is, however, shy of prospectuses, and it is to be hoped that a few attractive and good-class issues will be brought out to try the ice and encourage others. What is certainly not wanted is a flood of mushroom companies with little or no chance of earning profits except for their promoters.

NO GOLD SETTLEMENT

Hopes that the Washington discussions might result in some step towards the settlement of the gold problem have been disappointed. Neither the United States nor France shows any inclination to ease the world situation by releasing its gold. The plain fact is that as long as these two countries corner the bulk of the world's monetary gold, the metal is inadequate as a basis for international settlements. Unless some new and prolific source of gold is discovered, or unless means are found to redistribute the world's gold or to "internationalize" it, then the world must discuss some other standard by which various currencies are to be linked one with another. Indeed, the present gold problem may hasten the arrival of that Utopian day on which our medium of exchange shall be based on something more scientific than a metal which is, after all, a mere commodity of fluctuating value. It is, indeed, strange that, at a time when gold has failed us, there should be so few exponents of an ideal currency.

MORE LIGHT

The little storm over Mr. Runciman's disclosure as to the use of Post Office Savings Bank deposits for loans to the unemployment insurance fund gives point to my plea for better national accounts. The very principle of investing Savings Bank deposits in Government securities implies that they are being used directly or indirectly in Government expenditure, so long as the Government is borrowing. Any misunderstandings on this and a good many other points of Government finance would be avoided if the Government issued a clear periodical summary of its financial operations, and not merely the attenuated and inadequate weekly Exchequer account published in the *London Gazette*. The public knows a good deal more about Government finance now than it did a few months ago. It is entitled to be kept better informed from week to week in future.

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MUSIC

NEW RECORDS

BY RALPH HILL

Up to the nineteenth century German instrumental music and Italian opera were omnipotent throughout Europe, but with the widespread struggle for political freedom a powerful national spirit asserted itself in art as well as life, and in Russia, Scandinavia, Bohemia, and elsewhere composers helped to stimulate this feeling by making folk-song the basis of their music. Thus by the middle of the century the world of music was split up into definite national schools, and of these the most fertile was the Russian, which has produced such outstanding figures as Borodine, Rimsky-Korsakov, Mussorgsky, and Stravinsky.

A representative work of Borodine's is 'In the Steppes of Central Asia' (H.M.V. D1885), a very beautiful symphonic poem describing the journey of a caravan escorted by Russian soldiers over the desert. The music is based on three themes: the first represents the rhythmical tread of the camels, the second is a Russian folk-song, and the third is an Oriental melody, all three being woven into the texture with great skill. The orchestration is rich and adds much to the pictorial effect. Of smaller stature, but quite unique as a miniaturist, was Liadov, whose finished workmanship and delicate handling of the orchestral palette is well displayed in the tone poem 'Kikimora,' a fairy tale full of fancy and magical atmosphere (H.M.V. E565). No less charming and elegant in style are the 'Eight Fairy Tales' (H.M.V. D1811-2), which are really eight folk-songs arranged for orchestra—the present title was given by Diaghilev, who used them for one of his ballet productions. In contrast to these mellow examples of Russian Romantic music we have the realism and almost diabolical ingenuity of Stravinsky, whose 'Song of the Nightingale' (H.M.V. D1932) represents his final indulgence in Romanticism before he decided to adopt the neo-classical style of his later works. The 'Song of the Nightingale' has been through two transformations: originally written as an opera based on Hans Andersen's fairy tale, it was then recast into a symphonic poem which was afterwards turned into a ballet at the suggestion of Diaghilev. The record under review consists of excerpts from the ballet—including the 'Chinese March'—which illustrate some of the scenes at the Chinese Court. The music abounds in brilliant orchestral colour, pungent harmonies, and forceful and vigorous rhythms. All the above works are played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Albert Coates, and the recording is excellent throughout.

A welcome issue is Ravel's lavish orchestral version of Mussorgsky's 'Pictures from an Exhibition' for piano solo (Polydor 27246-9), superbly played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Alois Melichar. Composed in memory of Mussorgsky's friend Victor Hartmann, a painter, this work sets out to describe a visit to a picture gallery. "The composer," says Stasov, the critic, to whom the suite is dedicated, "here shows himself walking to and fro, now loitering, now hurrying to examine a congenial work; sometimes his gait slackens; Mussorgsky is thinking sadly of his dead friend." The theme of the introduction, 'Promenade,' reappears between each succeeding piece as if to suggest the strolling from one picture to another. The nine pieces portray with extraordinary vividness such subjects as: 'Gnomus,' "a little goblin hobbling clumsily on his misshapen legs," 'Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle,' "two Polish Jews, one prosperous, the other needy." The latter is a wonderful piece of musical characterization.

RALPH HILL

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